THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

July, 1801.

WINDSOR.

[With a View of the Castle and Terrace, from the Little Park*.]

THE Little Park, computed to be about four miles in circumference, is inclosed by a brick wall, and contains some deer, with plenty of hares, which frequently afford his Majesty the diversion of coursing.

The Castle of Windsor was first built by William the Conqueror, and was greatly improved by his son Henry, who surrounded the whole (for its greater strength and beauty) with a strong wall. Succeeding monarchs constantly resided here, on account of its healthy and pleasant situation. Edward the Third had an extraordinary affection for this his native place; and, in the year 1360, caused the whole Castle to be entirely taken down, except the three towers at the west end of the Lower Ward; and, rebuilding the present stately Castle, made it the seat of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

In succeeding times other additions were made to this noble place by King Henry VII. and Henry VIII. A Terrace Walk was made by Queen Elizabeth on the north

* See in Vol. VI. p. 337, a View from the Great Park.

side of the Castle, which is seen in the annexed ENGRAVING.

Under Charles II. this Castle was entirely repaired. The face of the Upper Court was changed; the windows were enlarged, and made regular; and the royal apartments were completely furnished, and adorned with beautiful paintings. This Prince also not only enlarged the Terrace Walk made by Queen Elizabeth on the north side of the Castle, but added a like terrace round the east and south sides of the Upper Court, and new-faced the whole Terrace with a noble rampart of free-stone. This Terrace extends 1870 feet in length; and may with justice be said to be the noblest work of the kind in Europe, commanding a delightful prospect of the Thames, Eton College, and a variety of fine seats dispersed over the adjacent country.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME LAMBALLE.

AT the name of Madame Lamballe a dismal gloom envelopes the imagination, and the most frightful remembrances afflict the soul. The fatal catastrophe which ended her days is undoubtedly the most important event of a life entirely confined within the circle of private affections; but so great a misfortune, and an end so deplorable, connected with public calamities of which she has become one of the most marked features, diffuses an interest over the least circumstances of her destiny: the mind, apprized of the terrible blow that awaits the end of a career scattered with flowers, follows her with tender affection through all the steps which led her to the dreadful termination of her happiness and her fortune: her beauty, her graces, her brilliant birth, the favours which surrounded her, the domestic misfortunes to the trial of which her sensibility was doomed, even her most indifferent actions, in fine, every thing excites

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cites a most lively interest in this point of view; every thing attaches, every thing prepares for those heart-rending agonies which the picture of her last moments inspires.

In 1767, at which time she was seventeen years of age, she left the Prince and Princess of Carignan, whose daughter she was, to unite her destiny with that of the Prince of Lamballe, the son of the virtuous Duke of Penthievre. The first moments of marriage, as well as the advice and example of such a charming bride, recalled to his duty the young prince, who had gone astray in the steps of the Duke de Chartres, afterwards Duke of Orleans: but she had the grief to see that the spirit of dissipation prevailed in the heart of her husband. The Duke de Chartres involved the Prince of Lamballe in all his debaucheries, and seemed to take a delight in corrupting his heart and exposing his health, with views, it is supposed, but too conformable with his character, and but too speedily realized. In a short time the Prince of Lamballe, whose constitution was very delicate, died at Luciennes, in consequence of his excesses, in a most shocking state, and after the most painful and humiliating operations. He left behind him a desolate family, and an afflicted widow, without any pledge of an union so sad and so soon dissolved. It is the opinion of many, that the Duke de Chartres, who wished to marry the sister of the Prince of Lamballe, had endeavoured, by an almost incredible refinement of infamy, to deprive the Prince of posterity, by plunging him in debauchery, and reckoned upon his death to absorb his inheritance. Thus that odious wretch made the assassination of the husband a prelude to that of the wife. After her mourning, the Princess of Lamballe re-appeared at court, which lavished upon her proofs of the most tender concern. A plan was conceived, which forms one of the most remarkable traits of her history. The Queen was dead for some time, and Madame Pompadour had survived her only two years: the virtuous courtiers, who sincerely desired that the King should re-

nounce all scandalous connexion, seeing that the Prince would not pass a long time without a declared mistress, wished to raise Madame Lamballe to the throne. The Princess was very pleasing in the eyes of Louis the XVth, and the house of Noailles forgot nothing that could tend to the success of a plan which flattered its ambition; but the passion of the King for Demoiselle Ange, afterwards Countess Dubarry, disconcerted all these hopes. In the mean time, the Duke de Chartres had espoused Mademoiselle de Penthievre, with whom Madame Lamballe never ceased to be united by the same inclinations and the same virtues. Acts of beneficence filled up all their moments, and constituted all their pleasures; the Duke de Chartres himself, led by the example, seemed to forget his character, and shared with his wife and Madame Lamballe the blessings of the unfortunates whom they relieved. This was the first æra of that species of popularity of which he made, in the sequel, so criminal a use, as if it had been reserved for him to poison every thing, even the purest virtues. Those hopes which she might have entertained having expired, Madame Lamballe saw herself increase in favour after the marriage of the Dauphin in 1770. The Dauphiness conceived an uncommon liking for her, was never happy out of her company, and, shortly becoming Queen, remained still attached to her, and appointed her superintendant of her household. But nothing is permanent at court: the house of Polignac succeeded in supplanting the favourite. Madame Lamballe quitted Versailles, and did not appear there again until the birth of the Duke of Normandy: the friendship which the Queen had felt for her revived with her presence; the Princess Lamballe became her most intimate confidante, and never more experienced any coldness: but it was particularly at the æra of the Revolution that the bonds which united her to the Queen were closest; it was then that she was honoured with an unlimited confidence which shortly proved too fatal. The most violent accusations

sations were soon levelled against her. She withdrew to England, from the danger which every day became more threatening; but as soon as she learned that the King had accepted the constitution, she hastily returned to France, and took apartments in the Thuilleries, to be nearer to the Queen, to whom she was entirely devoted. The revolutionary storms which succeeded to each other with such dreadful rapidity could not separate them. At length she was arrested on the 10th of August with the Royal Family, whom she had followed to the legislative body: she was conducted to the Temple with the other prisoners; thence she was transferred to the prison La Force, where she perished in the forty-third year of her age.

THE POET, THE BRAIN, THE PEN, AND THE INKSTAND.

[A Fable translated from the Italian.]

A POET obtained prodigious success: seated at his table, he indulged in the glorious idea of his triumph. This love of glory, common to all men, kindled in his heart a secret fire. The idea of the praises bestowed upon him made the blood circulate with violence through his veins: joy filled his entire being. His *Brain*, stung with jealousy, thus addressed him:—"You are indebted to me for your success. It was I who furnished the ideas which have gained you so much honour. Surely, without me, you could not have written a single word." The *Pen* overheard this claim to exclusive praise, and, full of indignation, thus addressed the *Brain*:—"What vanity! Without me, what could you have done with all your fine ideas and fine imagination? It is to me he is indebted for them; to me who have committed them to paper." The *Inkstand* then put in its word. "Without me, you could have written nothing. What could you have done, had I not bathed

you in my ink?" The *Poet*, stunned with these clamours, which would tear from him all the glory that he had acquired, said to them—"I am equally obliged to you all: to you, my *Brain*, for suggesting ideas; to you, my *Pen*, who wrote them; and to you, my *Inkstand*, who supplied the means to do so." Thus the dispute ended.

A few days after, the Poet published a new work; but its fate was the reverse of the former. Every body turned their back upon him; some wrote satires, others made invectives against him. In a short time he became the laughing-stock of the world. The Poet then complained of his Brain for having suggested such nonsense. He flew into a passion against his Pen and Inkstand for having contributed to commit it to paper; but they all denied that any blame attached to them. The Brain said, he did not know how to chuse among the ideas which it had suggested. The Pen and Inkstand reproached him with being a bad Poet, alledging that they had done nothing but obey his will, and written only what he pleased. The poor unfortunate Poet had no other resource but to hold his tongue, and weep over his disgrace in solitude.

Such is the common fate of man. When an undertaking succeeds, all are anxious to claim a share in the event. But does it fail? Every body abandons him; nobody admits that he had any share in the business, and all maintain that the fault was entirely his own.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

BEING a constant admirer of your well-conducted Work, I cannot but widely differ in opinion with your Correspondent * as to the merits and advantages of female inconstancy. Because the heavens and the stars are in

* Vol. VI. p. 467.

continual

continual rotation, and the seasons have their changes, should it be a reason that woman should deviate from the path of virtue, or break that chain which it is not in her power ever again to link? Is he not the vilest of wretches who would seduce the affections of a woman from her husband, and make friendless the child who looks up for protection to that parent who gave it life? Oh! what a wretched outcast, condemned to eternal shame through the fatal mistake of a parent! I do not mean to attach the fault wholly to the women. Too frequently it is unpardonable in a parent, that when his child is in the bloom and gaiety of youth, and has fixed her affections on one in her own situation, she is to be tied, by her ambitious parent, to one whom time has almost worn to the brink of the grave, to be rendered miserable for life, for the sake of avarice and an empty title.

Your correspondent has, throughout his whole subject, not once deviated from inconstancy. How licentious and how vague must be his ideas! since he never could have entered into those sacred bonds which render man and woman, in middling situations, happy. I envy not the great, for they are not truly happy; strangers to every thing but vice and dissipation! Is not marriage one of the most noble duties a man and woman enter into, which, but for constancy, would be the most miserable! Is it not the preserver of health, virtue, and happiness? Why does the rake avoid it? Because he, whose life is a continual scene of debauchery, seduction, and intrigue, knows not the pleasures to be derived from a truly virtuous woman.

PETER STEADYPOINT.

Brompton, June 9, 1801.

☞ Peter Steadypoint *seems not to have been aware (of what we thought few could fail to perceive) that Ralph Weathercock's* praise *of inconstancy in females was "satire in disguise," a mere* jeu d'esprit.

THE

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. IV.

TO-MORROW being the anniversary of young Stanley's birth, we are to have a sort of family concert and ball in the tea-room at the bottom of their garden, which has been decorated in a very tasty manner by my Maria, with drawings, transparent screens, and fringed drapery, much admired and highly praised by Mr. and Mrs. Stanley: nor is Edward an uninterested spectator; so much does industry and genius recommend a young woman to old and young. It is to this I am continually exhorting Miss Somerton: an habitual indolence seems to have taken possession of her, and perverted all her faculties; she pleads want of genius as an excuse, but, in my opinion, activity often proves an excellent substitute. A circumstance once occurred which I could not help noticing, and I have a whimsical trick of remembering every thing that I think can be turned to the advantage of myself or others. Colonel D——, of the honourable artillery company, one field-day, observing two young men belonging to his corps sauntering about in a listless manner, while the rest were going through their various evolutions, rode up to them, and desired they would join the ranks. One of them replied--- "We have no arms, Sir;" the Colonel facetiously replied--- "Arms! zounds---you have legs, Sir; march." This, though a trivial circumstance, struck me forcibly, as containing an important truth; for how often do we perceive those to whom Nature has given one particular talent, sink into slothful inanity, without exercising those faculties which they do possess. Genius often offers consolation under corporeal infirmities, and, in turn, strength of body and exertion of mind may atone for the deficiency of talent; nor should we ever think ourselves destitute of resources in any exigence, would we but properly direct and employ those capacities we are endowed with.

Miss

Miss Somerton, with her brother, are invited; he is perfectly recovered, and purposes to depart next week. We shall really miss his agreeable society; his spirits seem uncommonly depressed: he would have excused himself from joining our party, but I persuaded him that a participation of our innocent festivities would be of service to him: Maria also urged, and her rhetoric is as irresistible as her person: she has been netting herself a dress, simple and elegant, composed of white silk, with a bandeau of white roses; she has tried it on, and Leonard has given his opinion, that, when her beautiful auburn tresses are confined by a few strings of pearl, she will surpass even his lovely accomplished sister: however, I do not wish to encourage any rivalship of beauty. Cards of invitation have been sent to Mrs. Stitchwell, Dr. Pompous, and Dr. Cerate: a young military beau is likewise expected, distantly related to Mr. Stanley: there will be tea and cards for the old ones; music, dancing, and various refreshments, for the young ones; for it is only an annual jubilee, and no expense is spared on the occasion. Among all the visitants, there is not one with whom I desire to hold any interview, and I fancy they are equally careless of my favourable report; yet the important decision of Edward's future destination is to be adjusted to-morrow, and I feel not a little interested in the arrangement. Maria seems less concerned than I could wish; but she is yet too young to have any very serious thoughts on the subject. Miss Somerton is teazing me to death about her dress; I must attend to her. At my return from our festival, I will resume my pen.

(To be continued.)

ROSEVILLE COTTAGE: A FRAGMENT.

....." YOU ask me, my dear Horatio, what it is that I have done with myself for these many months back. You question me, where I have hidden

hidden myself, and how I have been employed. If I answer you truly, perhaps you will pity me---perhaps you will laugh at me: well, I will take my chance; for you and I have been too intimately acquainted with each other's failings, now to stand upon the ceremony of each other's reasonable opinion. You have long known me, Horatio; you have known me for what I blush to remember; and you shall now know me to be the most unhappy of men.

"With all your gaiety and thoughtlessness, I believe that you possess a heart to feel. Oh! yes, I was once the joyous, the dissipated, the worthless St. Julian; yet my heart was not then dead to the throbbings of humanity: it was buried beneath the passions and pageantries of the world; to be awakened---ah! how livingly---to all the griefs which can torture man. But how I am wandering!---this is not an account of where I have been; and what is it to any man, or to myself, where I have been, what beheld, or by whom addressed, if I forget the feelings of my heart? It is from the feelings of the heart that we are to estimate the joys of existence; without them, all nature would seem but a splendid desert, in which the soul of man could find no place whereon to fix its foot. Surely never was a bosom more adapted than mine is to receive all the pleasures and torments of life. The remembrance of that year in which I was enraptured with the love of her who has proved herself the falsest of women, still thrills through my veins.---Oh! memory! memory! fool that I was to revenge myself upon the traitress, by seeking those horrible scenes which have steeped the remainder of my days in poison. You, Horatio, you saw me when I tore myself from the pillow of a mother, whose death will ever hang upon my soul. I did not absolutely break her heart, but by my extravagancies, my excesses, I added misery to the infirmities of age! Blessed spirit! she forgave me. Can I ever forget that moment when she laid her silvered head upon my bosom, and clasping me, her wretched son, to her breast, pardoned and blessed me with her last sigh!

Had

Had I been dutiful to her, had I even been barely innocent of outrage to her. I had been happy: but, no; it was I who spread her gray hairs in the dust---it was I who hurried on the moment of her dissolution! This is a terrible thought, and I must fly from it. Alas! it was to rid myself of such retrospections that I abandoned all my former associates, and became a wanderer!

"To tell you of every place to which I have directed my weary steps for these twenty months back, would be to send a journal, little more interesting than a map of the roads. I moved from town to town, without making use either of my eyes or ears. I could see nothing but the shade of my departed mother; I could hear nothing but the last mild and racking accents which fell from her sainted tongue.

"It was not till, by some chance or other, I had taken my transitory abode at the house of a farmer near Chiswick, that my soul told me I was yet in a land inhabited by social and amiable beings."

(To be continued.)

FELIX TO ALONZO.

[Continued from vol. vi. p. 346.]

LETTER V.

YOU ask me if I have yet seen Louisa: yes, Alonzo; I have.

LETTER VI.

You have understood me: yes, my dear brother, I do indeed love this Louisa. Oh! how coldly have you described her! I had expected to have seen fine features and a pleasing person; but such an assemblage of graces, so much beauty, intelligence, sweetness, and sensibility, I never even imagined. You told me that she had blue eyes, but you did not tell me of their expression and softness:

softness: those eyes are yet pouring into my heart; I see them just as they turned upon me, when I entered the summer-house in their garden: she was on her knees before the picture of her mother. But I have not told you how unhappy she is: her father has married, at Zurich, a gay young woman, whom he has brought home to his children. Your letter gained me an invitation to dine with him the day after his arrival: I went, and heard, with little concern, that Louisa was indisposed, and in her room; indeed I hardly listened to the apology which was made for her, for I had not then seen her. After dinner, being seized with a giddiness, which I was told the air would relieve, I arose, and went alone into the garden: curiosity, or want of thought, led me into the summer-house: Louisa was there, deluged in tears, and kneeling before the portrait of her mother, which hung up in a dark recess. She looked round on my entrance---great God! as her eyes flashed through their tears, what new sensations electrified my heart! She rose hastily, and hurried past me without a word; but the impression was made, and the remainder of the evening I was thoughtful and silent: Louisa did not appear. The next night I went, unconsciously, to Mr. Weimor's: a gay party of men and women surrounded the bride; Louisa sate alone, and unobserved, in a remote part of the room. I stole silently from the giddy group, and hung over her chair: her little brother and sister were standing before her:---she pressed them in her arms, and sighed deeply. The pretty curls of their white hair were wet with her tears: it was of her mother that she was then thinking---that mother, whose place was now filled by another, but for whom she still wore mourning. As I leaned forward, a tear fell from my eye upon her arm: she looked up, and our souls seemed to unite as she did so. From that moment, my heart was riveted to her's.

Farewell,

FELIX.

THE

THE TURNPIKE GATE: A TALE.

What has she to fear who stamps with reverence and honour every sentiment she inspires? Is there a man on earth base enough to offer the least insult to such virtue?

ROUSSEAU.

ONE cold foggy evening in November 1782, an old man, a young woman, upon whose maternal knees reclined the head of a sleeping cherub, and a man about thirty years of age, in the habit of a sailor, were assembled round a blazing fire in a gate-house on the Plymouth road. The sailor had taken the hand of Fanny between both his own, and was begging her to proceed with a tale in which he was deeply interested; when a loud crash and vociferation of oaths without, caused them to start from their seats in extreme terror. A chaise-driver, much intoxicated, just then entered, covered with mud, and abused them grossly for neglecting to open the gate in time, by which his chaise had been shattered to pieces, and a gentleman within killed.

"God forbid!" exclaimed Fanny, who instantly flew out with a light. The post-boy, however, had exaggerated the case; for the gentleman, instead of being killed, had extricated himself from the overturned vehicle, and was walking deliberately towards the house, wrapped in a heavy box coat, and covered with an immense hat. The old man offered him a place by the fire, which he sullenly declined; and, after ordering the driver to unharness one of the horses, and ride to W—— for another chaise, he seated himself in a distant corner of the room, and seemed more disposed for sleep than conversation. The sailor, after casting a few significant looks toward the stranger, requested his sister to proceed. Fanny again commenced her tale.

"After the death of our poor mother, my father went on very badly; he seldom passed a day without treating me ill, or a night without a fit of intoxication: the little we

had was expended without any economy, and I was forced to labour hard to keep him and myself decent in appearance. The squire of the manor was a rich purse-proud man, but his son was the most engaging and amiable youth I had ever known: he regarded me with partiality, and, in my uninformed mind, he was the most perfect of mankind. Of his political principles I must say little---they have proved the destruction of all our happiness: his father vainly tried to check the impetuous sallies of youth; and the insurrection that broke out in such an alarming manner, and raged through Ireland, gave young Oberne too fatal an opportunity of showing the part he intended to take: yet his regard for me in some measure restrained him; but that restraint was but of short continuance, for, the death of his father placing him in a state of affluence and independance, he immediately proved his disinterestedness by making me his wife. Need I say my first care was to make my father comfortable, and for some time we were all so; but Oberne could not long remain inactive: he headed a large party of rebels, attracted notice as a spirited leader from whom much might be feared, and became, in consequence, the object of pursuit. Reduced to the dreadful alternative of death or flight, we abandoned our peaceful home to the plunderers, and took refuge in a hovel about twelve miles from our former residence: the affection of my husband made me bear fatigue and hardship with patience, and the homeliness of my former life rendered my present situation less irksome than it would have been had I passed my youthful days in luxury and indolence; yet Oberne's frequent absences filled my mind with agony. One day, as I was waiting his return with the impatience of distracted love, I beheld him flying breathless towards me, pursued by a party of soldiers: I fell upon my knees; the balls flew round me and whizzed with a stunning noise as they passed over my head. They surrounded my husband; he fought desperately, but was overpowered: I saw not the end; sense, life, forsook me in the moment that he was seized.

The

The poor ignorant girl who had accompanied us to our retreat wept over me daily, and expected never more to hear me speak in a rational manner; but I did recover to new horrors: I learned that my husband was in prison, condemned to die, having killed two men in resisting the military power. I was not even allowed to share his prison, and my situation became dreadful indeed. The officer who commanded the detachment sent to secure Oberne felt compassion for so young and unfortunate a creature: by my direction he applied to my father, who inhumanly refused me protection. The hovel I was in was in every respect improper for the state I was then in, for even necessaries were wanting. Captain Rivers insisted upon my removal to a more commodious place, and promised to use all his interest for my husband's release, but could not flatter me with hopes. At that time I suffered agonies inexpressible: indebted to a stranger for support, deprived of a husband I adored by an ignominious death, and expecting to bring an infant into life without a friend to cherish, or a prospect of support, was my dreadful situation; and I should have sunk under it, but for the inspirations of that religion which teaches an implicit dependance upon Providence. A few days after my becoming a mother, Captain Rivers came to me with looks of concern: my mind suggested the horrid tidings; but I was too hasty. Some of the captives had escaped---my husband among the number;---but an immediate pursuit had been made, and a dreadful slaughter ensued: among the rest, Oberne fell!"

A pause of distress ensued: the stranger, as if awaking from a deep sleep, requested a glass of water, and then resumed his former appearance of inattention. Fanny resumed:——

"Rivers then assured me that I should never want a friend, if I would accept of his protection; that his regiment was recalled to England, and that, if I would accompany him, he would pledge his honour I should be treated with all proper respect till I could get settled, which he assured

me his friends in London would effect. What could I do? I knew it would be long before I could hear from you, even were I certain my letters would reach you. I placed every dependance upon the power of conscious virtue, and accepted his offer. He took me to London, told the history of my misfortunes to a sister, who wanted but his virtues to make her his exact counterpart, for never were two persons so exactly modelled: she received me kindly, placed my child at nurse, and promised me every favour. Rivers behaved as a man of honour: he but once attempted to make a dishonourable proposal, and my repulse that time silenced him; yet the generous youth felt an affection for me so pure, so ardent, that he even offered me marriage. I felt penetrated with gratitude, but my heart was wounded too deeply to feel satisfaction at the proposal: it rather chilled with horror at the idea. 'No!' cried I, snatching my infant to my breast, 'I will beg with thee through the world, rather than wrong thy father's memory by uniting myself with one whose arm has been raised against his life.' A shower of tears rebuked me for the injustice of my accusation, yet every day brought fresh proofs of the strength of his passion; and his sister, haughty, arrogant, and unfeeling, discovering the partiality of Rivers, and alarmed for the honour of her family, dismissed me from her house. Rivers once more offered his hand---his fortune: I once more refused them. 'It is well,' cried he: 'I know your noble motives, dearest of women, and will no further urge. Permit me only to point out one asylum: you have too proudly declined accepting any pecuniary favours from me, but there is on my estate at D—— an aged respectable man for whom I some time since obtained the office of gate-keeper; he leads a solitary life; your conversation and society would be a solace in his old age, and by exercising your needle you will amuse your leisure hours, and in some degree preserve your favourite independance. I will take care the old man shall have every comfort, and, though I shall be far distant,

tant, my heart will be often with you.' Upon my demanding an explanation, he told me he had entered into a regiment drafted for America, and only waited to see me in some safe asylum before he took, as he hoped, a long farewell of England; in which the principal unhappiness he had ever experienced was my rejection. Suffer me to abridge my tedious tale: hither I came, and here I have been tranquil, if not happy. This good old man has proved in conduct a father to me; but the first real gleam of pleasure I have experienced during the three years of my abode here, was in being reunited to you, my dear brother."

Frank kissed the tears from her cheek.

"And have you not heard from the noble, generous Rivers?"

"Oh yes!" Fanny replied; "his letters are polite, friendly, but tinctured with such sadness as makes me shed tears at every perusal."

The stranger arose, walked slowly towards them, and presented a Picture; at which Fanny gazed with pleasing surprise.

"It is Rivers:---do you know him?"

The gentleman opened his coat, threw off his hat---"Do you know me?"

Fanny shrieked, and fell lifeless in his arms.

"I am her husband!" exclaimed Oberne wildly. "She is my long-lost, injured wife!"

Upon her recovering, he informed the astonished party that he was the only one who survived the carnage of the day when it was reported he fell; covered with wounds, and in a state to which death would have been preferable, he was taken into the hut of a rustic, where he languished long of his wounds, nor could gain the least intelligence of his wife, her removal from the place of their retreat having baffled all attempts at discovery. When able to walk, he went to her father's, where, with brutal insult, he received the distracting intelligence that she had eloped with an officer of the regiment by which he had been captured.

"Driven to frenzy," added Oberne, "the fever of my soul affected my body, and retarded my pursuit, for pursuit and vengeance were my intentions. When I reached London, I learned that the regiment had embarked for America: thither I followed, I met Rivers--challenged him; but he refused to accept it; related the whole story, as you have, minutely, but refused to inform me of the place to which you had retreated till I had obtained my pardon, which he flatters me can be easily procured by letters with which he has supplied me from himself and Colonel D——, a man high in favour. 'If you succeed, my dear friend,' cried he, 'you shall immediately gladden the heart of a matchless woman; if not, far better will it be to let her remain undisturbed by fresh hopes and fresh miseries. Accept my picture,' added he; 'think of me as one who would die to serve you.' Charmed by his manner, I vowed eternal friendship: I am now fully sensible of errors for which I have severely suffered; and, since his precaution has proved useless, we will go together, my Fanny, to London, and live or die together."

Oberne succeeded, obtained a pardon, and, by sharing with Frank some honest-earned gold, purchased a commission in the same regiment to which Rivers belonged. The vicissitudes which Fanny had experienced secured her, in her future life, the satisfactory consciousness of having discharged her duty in every station; and the unremitting friendship of Rivers evinced the superior gratification of honour and generosity to mercenary or selfish enjoyments.

THE VESTAL:

A Fragment of a History extracted from a Latin Manuscript, found by the French in the Library of a Convent in Italy.

EVERY body knows that the Vestals were virgins devoted to the worship of the Goddess Vesta, and charged particularly with the care of keeping alive the sacred

sacred fire which burned before her altars; they watched it night and day: the safety of Rome depended upon the duration or the extinction of this fire. The Vestals were punished severely for the slightest faults, and history furnishes numerous examples of these virgins being buried alive: but the greatest crime which they could commit would be that of suffering the sacred flame to expire. There never was more than one at a time of these virgins in the temple at night.

It is here the Latin manuscript commences. "At length the turn of Pompeia arrived. It was the very day on which the news arrived at Rome of the loss of the battle of Cannæ, and of the death of one of the consuls. The people thought they already saw Hannibal and his Carthaginians upon the ramparts, and the terror had penetrated into the very temple.

"The Pontiff at night conducted the Vestal thither, and, after having locked all the exterior gates, retired with the keys. Pompeia poured out a short prayer at the feet of the statue of Vesta, and then seated herself upon a purple cushion in the sanctuary, a few steps from the sacred fire. All her attention was at first engrossed with the object the care of which was entrusted to her. But the solitude around her, the mournful silence which reigned in the temple, and the feeble light afforded by a lamp which was suspended from the dome of the sanctuary, made her drowsy, and she at length fell into a profound sleep. In this state she remained a considerable time. In the mean while, the sacred fire began to die away insensibly and was almost extinguished, when, fortunately, she awoke. She raised herself precipitately, and ran all in terror to the door of the place which contained the proper aliment for nourishing the sacred fire; but she had scarcely reached it when the door suddenly disappeared, and she perceived nothing but one continued uniform wall. She was much surprized

surprized at this event, but, suddenly conceiving that she might have made a mistake, she turned about her head, and perceived, in fact, the door on the other side of the temple. She ran violently to open it, but in vain; the same prodigy again struck her eyes. She then became pale, as if she were ready to expire: a cold sweat bedewed her limbs. She threw herself at the feet of the Goddess, and offered up this prayer from her inmost heart. 'Oh! powerful Goddess! oh! mother of the Gods! save my country, save me! Without you, there is an end of Rome. Save it, and punish me: oh! that these arches would fall, and crush me to instant death!' She thought her prayers were heard: the arches shook, and a confused noise arose behind her; but it was a new surprize which she was doomed to experience.

"It was the custom to place in the temple the statues of some of the Vestals of the most exalted birth, or most distinguished for their zeal in the worship of the Goddess. These statues are of white marble, and ranged at equal distances from each other between the columns which supported the edifice. They all seemed animated at the same moment; with their faces concealed in long black veils, and some of them seeming stained with blood, they advanced slowly in procession, one after another, to the remotest part of the sanctuary; prostrated themselves, and pierced the wall, without leaving a trace of the aperture through which they vanished.

"Notwithstanding the horror of this sight, the Vestal had still strength enough to approach the sacred vase. She removed the superincumbent ashes, and perceived at the bottom of the vase some vestiges of the fire not yet quite extinguished. She endeavoured to rekindle it with shreds torn from her robe, but all her efforts only served to put it out the sooner.

"Thus deprived of all hope and resource, Pompeia abandoned herself to despair. She wandered through the temple, her hands raised towards Heaven: at length, overcome

come with grief, she retired towards the remotest part of the temple, where she shed a torrent of tears. In this situation she awaited the return of daylight.

" Scarcely did it begin to appear, when the Pontiff was heard in the vestibule. He entered the temple, and was at first surprized at not seeing the Vestal; but when he approached the sacred vase, and perceived that the sacred fire was extinguished, the paleness of death spread itself over his countenance. Clasping his hands, he raised them up to Heaven without uttering a word; retired with precipitation, and carefully closed the gate. I shall not attempt to describe what passed at that moment in the breast of the Vestal. She did not remain long in her state of dreadful suspense and expectation. On a sudden, all the gates of the temple were opened, and a tumultuous crowd of both sexes eagerly rushed in, and filled it. Pompeia presented herself with surprizing firmness. They took her by the arms, and dragged her out of the temple to conduct her to the place of punishment. She crossed several streets before she arrived at it, and every where observed the most frightful scenes; the old men, the women, and children, running through the city, not knowing whither they were going, or what to do: at length she arrived at the foot of the capitol.

" Here there was a cave, vast and profound, the mouth of which, at a depth of twenty feet below the surface of the ground, was covered immediately with a huge stone, with the earth then heaped up over it. It was in this cave that the offending Vestals were buried alive, and it was already opened before Pompeia arrived. The Pontiff, in his robes, was seated at a small distance in his ivory car, and the people ranged around him. Hitherto Pompeia had not spoken a single word; but when she perceived the place of her punishment, the cords, the pitcher of water, and the piece of bread, which were to be shut up with her, she uttered the most frightful shrieks, and, throwing herself at the feet of the Pontiff, she embraced them with transport, and poured

poured out a deluge of tears. This sudden effort seemed to move the minister of the altars; but, soon resuming his resolution, he chid the Vestal in the name of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the other Gods of Rome. They then stripped off part of her clothes, and, in spite of her feeble efforts, let her down into the cavern, the aperture of which was filled up again, and covered with earth. This work finished, the people withdrew into the temple.

Pompeia remained some time in the cave unconscious of her situation, for as soon as she saw the aperture closed upon her she fainted away. At length she came to herself; and her first care was how she might put an end to her sufferings by a speedy death. She took the lamp which was shut up with her, more from a motive of cruelty than compassion, and drew near to the wall; but the humidity of the air had already diminished the feeble light which it afforded, and the motion of the Vestal completely extinguished it, leaving her in profound darkness. A rumbling noise was heard at a distance, a stone fell, and in its descent displaced several others. The Vestal arose, and perceived, by the light of a torch which pierced across two decayed and rudely-connected chambers, a tall woman clothed in white, her face covered with a long veil; her body was bent: she held a torch in her left hand, and her step, slow and tottering, announced a person very far advanced in years. This woman took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, and conducted her over the ruins through the place from which she had descended: they proceeded about an hundred paces in a passage so narrow and low, that Pompeia, though not above middle size, was obliged to stoop more than half her height to enable her to advance. 'Fear nothing,' said the old woman to Pompeia; 'you are safe.' After a tedious course, they found themselves in a forest, where Vesta appeared to them nearly such as her statue represented her in the temple: she was accompanied by two horrible females, with their hair twisted of serpents, and their hands armed with whips, as the furies are painted. 'Silly virgin!' exclaimed

exclaimed the Goddess, 'could you expect to be able to escape me?' Immediately one of the frightful attendants approached the old woman, seized her by the arm, tore off the veil which covered her face, and Pompeia beheld her mother Plautia. The Vestal made an effort to throw herself into her mother's arms, but, in an instant, Plautia and the two furies sunk into the earth, and the whole scene vanished from her sight: Pompeia remained alone. After having wandered a considerable time, she thought she recognized across the gloom the temple of Vesta, the very temple which was the cause of her melancholy fate. 'Ah! Gods!' exclaimed she, 'am I to prepare again for new torments?' At that very moment the lamp, which served to give light in the temple, fell, and awoke the Vestal, who saw the statues in their proper places, the sacred fire burning in full vigour and activity, and found that all the sufferings she had endured were but a dream. She prostrated herself at the feet of the Goddess, thanked her for the caution which she had given her, and promised sincerely never to fall asleep again in her temple."

THE FASHIONABLE SEASON.

THE fashionable season is now over, and this is the proper time to take a review of it. We must look backwards, in order to walk forward safely in the dark road of human life. The past is the school of futurity; to avail ourselves of its light, we must often cast a look behind.

Sixteen years of age!---beauteous girl! what a charming æra of life! and yet, beneath the flowers that every where strewed your path, an envious serpent has followed your steps; a thousand times has he aimed his venomous dart against you; a thousand times has innocence, guarding the avenues to your heart, warded off the deadly blow.

Under

Under its powerful ægis you have been able to brave the danger of sixteen, and beauty: but, take care!---*innocence* will, at last, grow weary of contending alone against your enemy. It is time to invoke the aid of *Prudence*. This is the advice I give you for the next fashionable season.

Tender Emilia! for six months did you indulge the delights of the chastest love. Already was Hymen preparing to crown your temples with a garland; but, one day, rocked by a crowd of pleasures, your prudence fell asleep, and love, which it had hitherto guided and guarded, went astray. Since that fatal moment, Cupid has lost his wings, and will never be able to fly with you to the Temple of Hymen. Too tender Emilia! you were in search of happiness, and have found ingratitude.

And you, brilliant Aspasia! for six months have you frequented the theatres, the park, the opera, the masquerades, the balls. What have you done in that time? Six weeks of it you passed at your toilette, six in amusements, six in sleep, and six in doing nothing. Could you not have employed it to more advantage?

Alas! were I to analyze all the events of the last six months, one might think it the history of an age.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

LONG secluded from the tumultuous scenes of life, no wonder if, when recalled into the gay circles by family concerns, my eyes, unused to fashionable extravagance, shrunk from the indelicacy of female attire. The modest tucker, which in my youthful days screened the bosom of the Fair Sex from the impertinent observation of profligate desire, is now no more: the sensitive distinctions of the sex are flaunted fully in the face of day; and the thinness of the loose garb scarcely conceals those beauties which

which modesty makes doubly pleasing to the mind of man. With a heart more saddened with sorrow than soured with spleen, I survey the change; I almost contemplate this licentious attire as an outward emblem of inward thoughts, of loose desires, unlicensed wishes, and impure conceits. I nearly regard a modern female, dressed in all the luxuriance of fashion, as an open candidate for pollution; and pity the unfortunate child, that, under the ill-judged fondness of parental pride, is thus inured to habits of impurity: nor do I much wonder at the profligacy of the age, when I see youths thus accustomed to objects that should be enshrined from the sight of man, or that the metropolis should groan with the weight of the daughters of prostitution, when the amorous glance, the wanton carriage, and meretricious step, are admitted into the system of fashionable feminine education. Oh! ye unhappy children of prostitution! how do I commiserate your misfortunes; thus educated by infatuated parents rather as the creatures of man's lust, than as the amiable sympathizers of his love. I am neither, Mr. Editor, the sullen stoic nor the peevish cynic; but with a tearful eye I behold this depravity of custom, and remark the opportunities it offers to the dissolute to be licentious, and to the designing to be destructive. I survey these defects, perhaps it may be said, with a microscopic glass; it may be so, Sir; but it is a glass that reason and philanthropy, unshackled by the hand of fashion, have ground to its convexity.

The gay, the volatile Ludamia was once the pride of parental affection; she had just concluded her sixteenth year, and in that her scholastic course, when Volarius, the son of her father's most immediate friend, became personal in his attentions to her. It was the mutual desire of the parents that they should be united. The bridal day was fixed, and the old people looked forward with pleasure to the celebration of their nuptials. Ludamia had been brought up in every fashionable extravagance: at the boarding-school she had acquired the Amazonian strut,

the wanton carriage, and undaunted brow; to this Nature had added a shape that the choicest Grecian statuary might have chosen for his model; the loose drapery of her fine garments showed her finished limbs to perfection: can it be a matter of astonishment, then, that Volarius, when returned one evening from a feast, "hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood," flushed by the charms thus scarcely unrevealed, and incited by a licentious laugh, "when the pale moon alone shone conscious of the theft," in her own dressing-room, "all things conspiring to the deed," should yield to fierce desire, and tear the honey from the virgin hive, possess the sweets, and fly the ruin he had made?

Alas! the lost Ludamia, framed by Nature for the chastest vows, now silent, sorrowing, and forlorn, laments her forfeit claim to man's esteem, and mourns the difference betwixt desire and love! Should any of your Fair Readers take warning from the misfortunes of Ludamia, I shall think myself amply repaid for an old man's anxiety.

Yours, &c.

THE OCCASIONAL INSPECTOR.

Lincoln's Inn, May 1801.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

ACCIDENTALLY passing through one of those alleys in the metropolis where poverty and wretchedness are usually concealed, my pity and observation were suddenly attracted by the figure of a female who was stretched upon the ground. The unfortunate have always a claim upon compassion, but there was something peculiarly interesting in the appearance of her distress, and my heart instantly resolved to relieve it without waiting to obtain the sanction of my head. Her form was rather above the middle stature,

stature, but such a one as an artist might have been proud to paint; and her countenance bore those traces of affliction which it is impossible for any other to have so interestingly revealed. One hand was supporting a sleeping infant, whilst the other sustained her languid head; and, as the drops of affliction stood trembling in their orbits, their dark silken curtains concealed them from general gaze.

Sympathy and compassion for some moments checked my utterance, but I regarded her with a tenderness more expressive than speech; and, gazing upon me in return with the most imploring countenance, her eyes were instantly rivetted upon the child. "I understand you," I exclaimed, taking the hand of the infant, "and sacredly promise to become his friend; but something must be done to remove your present weakness. Remain there, I entreat you, until I am able to procure a coach."

The procuring a coach was a matter of no difficulty, but a mansion for the unfortunate I knew was not so easily obtained: however, luckily, I recollected that a late servant of my father's kept a decent lodging-house in one of the adjacent streets. Thither, then, with the utmost expedition, I hastened, and soon settled all pecuniary affairs with his wife, who accompanied me to the spot where I had left the object of my sympathy, and assisted me in lifting her into the coach.

The motion of the carriage, and the pain she seemed to suffer, soon completely exhausted her slight remains of strength; and, making an effort to press the infant to her bosom, she sunk apparently lifeless into my arms, and in that state was conveyed into a bed that had been prepared.

Whilst the worthy Mrs. Dawkins was using every means for her recovery, I was employed in procuring medical advice, and was much gratified at hearing that her temporary insensibility was the effect of faintness, not the presage of death. For several days she remained in too weak a condition even to pay attention to her lovely child; yet she

constantly regarded him with looks of affection, and for his sake seemed anxious to preserve her life.

As soon as she was capable of expressing her sensations, she besought Heaven to pour down its choicest blessings on my head; and entreated that I might be conveyed into her presence, that she might prove that my benevolence had not been misapplied.

It was in vain that I entreated her to defer her narrative until time and care had recruited her strength; for she seemed so fearful of my forming an unfavourable opinion, that I thought disappointment might become more injurious than speech; and, after conjuring her to stop if she found herself exhausted, she began her melancholy history in the following words:

"Wretched and forlorn as was the state in which you found me, the sunshine of prosperity illumined my juvenile days; and though the last eighteen months have been overclouded by affliction, yet previous to that period my prospects were serene. My father has an estate in one of the most beautiful parts of Shropshire, and had me educated by a private governess with the most solicitous care; for as I had the misfortune to lose my mother at the moment of my existence, every particle of his tenderness was centered in his child. Masters of every kind were engaged for my instruction, and my dear father seemed delighted with the improvements I made; yet, anxious to see me *excel* in every elegant accomplishment, at length resolved to spend a winter in town.

"As he derived his name from a very antient family, and his manners were peculiarly calculated to please, he was visited by people of the first distinction immediately after his arrival in town; but my mornings were regularly devoted to my studies, or to the acquiring of those accomplishments for which I had left my home.

"Amongst the number of families that paid my father attention, none were of so flattering a nature as those he received from the Earl of D——, whose second son soon offered

offered me those pointed civilities which it was impossible for me, though so young, to misconceive.

"Of all the men I had then been introduced to, the Honourable Mr. C—— was the one I most disliked; and I was shocked at observing my father encourage his attentions by the most marked appearance of friendship and esteem. As I had always treated him with the most ingenuous confidence, I did not conceal my sentiments with regard to Mr. C——, but spoke of him in terms to my hitherto indulgent parent, which, I perceived, had excited either anger or chagrin. For some days after this imprudent conversation, I thought my father treated me with distance and reserve; but he soon assumed his wonted tenderness, and my heart again acquired its accustomed ease.

"Mr. C—— still continued to annoy me by his presence, and each day more fully convinced me of his regard; but, instead of feeling any satisfaction in his attentions, my dislike and abhorrence daily increased: though accustomed to the first society, his manners were disgusting to a high degree, and there was an overbearing haughtiness even in his attempts to please; for, instead of endeavouring to win the affections, he seemed to fancy he could force them under control.

"One morning, observing me particularly out of spirits, he entreated my father to allow him to introduce a friend, whose peculiar taste in the science of music he flattered himself would tend to amuse my mind. My father, delighted at this mark of his affection, requested him to bring his friend to dine; and, the moment he left us to secure his companion, congratulated me upon the admirer I had gained.

"It was in vain that I urged my repugnance to Mr. C——'s person, or expressed the horror I should feel at becoming his wife: my objections were treated as childish caprices, and I was commanded to treat him as the object of a father's choice. If his person had before been com-

pletely disagreeable, the thoughts of his re-appearance created a disgust upon my mind; and that impression was infinitely heightened by comparing him with his insinuating and accomplished friend. He introduced Mr. Edwards as an intimate companion with whom he had taken the European tour; yet there was a supercilious haughtiness in his manner of addressing him, that proved he piqued himself upon the adventitious superiority of birth.

"Soon after dinner, the gentlemen joined us, and my heart was absolutely ravished with delight, for never had I heard harmony to such perfection as the accomplished stranger was able to produce. His conversation was no less enchanting than his performance, for sense and refinement embellished his mind; and even my father seemed so pleased by the justice of his observations, that he gave him a general invitation to our house. This privilege was highly gratifying to his feelings, and he soon became our constant guest; in short, our partiality had been reciprocal from the first moment he had been introduced.

"Mr. C——'s absence on his father's business, gave Edwards frequent opportunities of expressing his love; and, as my governess sanctioned those marks of his affection, I listened, delighted, to his tenderness and praise, until my heart refused obedience to my father's dictates, and I resolved never to become Mr. C——'s wife.

(To be continued.)

REMEDY FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

[From Dr. Willich's "Domestic Encyclopædia."]

CAJEPUT is an oil brought from the East Indies, and resembles that of cardamoms. Its uses are so little known in this country, that it is rarely kept, even in the shops of the metropolis. According to Prof. Thunberg, the celebrated Swedish traveller, it possesses pre-eminent virtues

virtues as an anodyne, antispasmodic, and stimulant. In chronic inflammations of the eyes, great benefit has been derived by pouring a few drops of it upon a soft white linen cloth, and letting them evaporate while held close to these organs, over which the cloth is to be afterwards tied for the night.

In acute rheumatism, and the gout, this ethereal oil has been known to afford immediate relief, when the affected part has been anointed with it, as it has a remarkable tendency to open the pores: it is also highly beneficial in violent head-aches, when applied to the temples, or inhaled through the nostrils. But its most remarkable effect is in that painful complaint, the tooth-ache. From whatever cause this affection may proceed, whether from a carious or hollow tooth, rheumatic acrimony, catarrh, &c. the cajeput oil has generally been found efficacious in removing it, if dropped on lint, and placed in the cavity of the tooth, or even around the gum. Hence it deserves to have a place in the medicine chest of every private family. In acute rheumatisms, however, we would observe, that it ought to be administered with circumspection; but when applied in painful chronic disorders, or paralytic complaints, its use may be attended with salutary consequences.

COMPLEXION AND COSMETICS.

[From the same.]

MANY unthinking persons are more anxious to preserve and improve their complexion, particularly that of the countenance, than to inquire into their animal economy, and to regulate its different functions. The face, indeed, when not disguised by art, is often the index of health and disease; though it is absurd to consider it as the *cause* of those changes which take place in the body; whereas it

it exhibits only the *effect*. Hence we may confidently assert, that all contrivances of crafty empirics, perfumers, travelling mountebanks, &c. which are pompously offered to the public in daily prints, or by means of bills and pamphlets containing specious certificates, to induce the giddy, the idle, and unwary multitude (nay, sometimes the lady of rank and fashion), to purchase those "beautifying compositions,"—are mournful instances of human folly, and moral depravity.

Various articles have been obtruded on the public attention by ignorant and speculative persons, as possessing every property that may tend to improve the surface of the body, but which have generally been found to consist of the most hurtful metallic ingredients, such as the various preparations of lead, mercury, arsenic, &c. To those, however, whose decayed countenances seem to justify them in the use of cosmetics, or who are determined to employ them, instead of attending to the more effectual means of preserving the bloom of their skin, it may perhaps be of service to point out two or three harmless external applications, chiefly with a view to prevent them from using dangerous or pernicious specifics.

According to the late Dr. Withering, an infusion of horse-radish in milk, makes one of the safest and best cosmetics.

Another preparation for clearing the skin of pimples and recent eruptions, if assisted by gentle aperient medicines, is, the fresh expressed juice of house-leek, mixed with an equal quantity of sweet milk or cream.

Prof. Pallas recommends the water distilled from the flowers of the *Nymphæa Nelumbo*, a plant indigenous in the Asiatic part of Russia, on the banks of the Volga; and which, by his account, imparts an agreeable softness and delicacy to the skin of the face and hands.

Frequent bathing will also contribute to the prolongation of youth, and preservation of the external integuments. To these remedies we venture to add honey-water made

made to the consistence of cream, so that it may form a kind of varnish on the skin, which, especially when chapped by frost, will be much benefited by this application: and if it occasion any irritation or uneasiness, a little fine wheaten flour, or *pure* hair-powder, should be scattered on the hands or face.

Without exception, the best cosmetic, in our opinion, is *temperance;* as, by avoiding excesses of every kind, the body will retain its natural tone, the uniform circulation of all the fluids will be facilitated, and those disgraceful eruptions we too frequently observe on the features of the younger part of the present generation, will be utterly effaced.

ANECDOTES OF FEMALE HEROISM.

A Chinese emperor, pursued by the victorious forces of a patriot of inferior rank, to extricate himself, had recourse to the principle of filial duty and reverence, carried in China to a superstitious excess. An officer, a drawn sabre in his hand, was dispatched to the mother of the victor, with a command from the emperor, on pain of death, to order her son to disband his troops. Disdainfully smiling, the intrepid matron replied, "Doth thy master believe that I am ignorant of the tacit, but sacred, convention between the people and their sovereign, by which the master is bound to render happy the servant who obeys? It is the emperor who has first violated this treaty—and thou, vile tool of a tyrant, learn, in such a case, from a *woman*, what is due to thy country." Then, snatching from his hand the weapon, she plunged it in her breast. "Slave!" said she, as the blood flowed from the wound, "if thou hast still any virtue, carry this poignard to my son. Tell him to revenge the nation, and punish the usurper. He has now no caution to observe on account of his mother—he is at liberty to be virtuous."

THE mother of Abdallah, consulted by her son, who, forsaken by his friends, and besieged in a castle, was urged by the Syrians to an honourable capitulation, made the following reply: "My son, when thou tookest up arms against the house of Omniah, didst thou believe thyself espousing the cause of justice and virtue?"—"I did," replied the son. "Where, then, is the cause for deliberation? Dost thou not know, that cowards only are swayed by fear? Wilt thou be the scorn of the Omnites? And shall it be said, that, when thou wast to determine between life and duty, thou didst prefer the former?"

IN the eleventh century, Godiva, wife of the Duke of Mercia (a branch of the Saxon heptarchy), manifested her love for her country by a singular exploit. For beauty and virtue, this princess stands the foremost of her age. Her husband having imposed a very oppressive tax upon the inhabitants of Coventry, she strongly urged him to suppress it; but the duke, a man of unaccountable caprice, refused her request, unless she would traverse the whole town naked. Godiva, despairing of success by any other means, submitted to his brutal whim; and having issued orders, that the inhabitants should remain confined to their houses, and not look at her, upon pain of death, she mounted on horseback, rode through all the streets of Coventry, without any covering but what a copious head of hair afforded her. One man, instigated by curiosity, peeped out of a window; and his impudence was immediately punished with death. In memory of this event, the remains of a statue, in the attitude of a person gazing, are still to be seen upon that very spot of the antient city of Coventry.

A SPARTAN lady had five sons in the army, and was in hourly expectation of news from the field of battle. A messenger returns from the camp; and, with trembling agitation, she applies to him for information.—"Your five sons," said he, "are slain."—"Base slave! did I ask thee that?"

that?"—"Yet we have gained the victory."—"Thanks to the gods!" exclaimed the mother. And she instantly flew to the temple, in order to offer up her thanks.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n;
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost:
A family in Heav'n!

ROBERT BURNS.

NEAR a village embosomed within the mountains of Wales, stands the cottage of Parson Henley. It is situated in one of those romantic spots which the bounteous hand of Providence frequently forms for the enjoyment of man. I might here fill a page with accounts of the flowery meadows, winding streams, and green pastures, that surround it; but why should I attempt to disclose a scene to which no mortal pen can do justice? why should I vainly try to delineate the performance of an Artist whose works no human eloquence can describe?

I will therefore be content with saying that it was such a residence as the Grecian philosopher * would have inhabited for the contemplation of Nature. Nothing was wanting that art could bestow, and Ceres seemed to have fixed upon it as one of her favourite spots.

* Democritus.---He was born at the city of Abdera in Thrace, and lived to the age of ninety-nine years, constantly ridiculing the anxiety men displayed in pursuit of riches and other sublunary enjoyments. After travelling into foreign countries, he returned home, and lived constantly in a small house and garden, that he might be the better enabled to gratify his favourite pursuit of learning.

A very

A very sultry day in the month of July was succeeded by a stormy evening; the hail dropped with the greatest violence, whilst the thunder and lightning seemed to contend which should most display its terrific powers. The inhabitants of the cottage, ever alive to the impression of humanity, hung lights in the windows for the guidance of any unfortunate friend or traveller who might be wandering through the mazes of the mountains, which at that hour (setting aside the horrors of the tempest) were always extremely dangerous. The Parson was on his knees by the fire, not wasting his time in idle expressions of terror, but commending himself to that over-ruling Power who never forsakes the virtuous. His wife was beside him, and each arm embraced a child; when a servant on horseback approached the gate, and requested shelter for a magnificent equipage, which in a few moments arrived. The Parson rose to welcome his guests: the chariot door opened, and a lady entered the cottage, followed by a gentleman in regimentals. The Parson placed chairs, and left his wife to amuse them, while he assisted the servants to adjust the horses in a neighbouring barn; which being finished, he returned, and the officer thus addressed him:

"We are much obliged by the friendly shelter you have afforded us, and particularly so, as the light in the cottage windows proves that you were actuated by those feelings which ought always to inhabit the human breast. If you can point out in what manner I may serve you, I shall willingly show my gratitude by performing your request."

"I thank you, Sir," said the Parson: "to-morrow I may perhaps take advantage of your offer; but it is now too late in the evening, or I would ask you a few questions."

"Be it so," replied the stranger (whom we shall distinguish by the name of General Brigade); "and as the storm is now subsiding, any house of refreshment that is at hand I shall proceed to."

"There

"There is a small inn," replied Henley, "about a mile distant, but not large enough to accommodate all your servants: if you and a part of them will be content to lodge there, the remainder can stop at my cottage."

The General approved the proposal, and, having received a direction from Henley, and promised to call in the morning, on his way to the next county, departed, leaving two of the domestics behind him.

The little company now drew close to each other. The Parson brought forth a bottle of his best ale, and the conversation turning on the General, Stephen, one of the men, said,---"He has a noble soul: they who live near him are happy. We felt the effects of his good disposition when we fought under his banners in the field; but now that we are enlisted in his private service, we see that his life is a glorious one indeed."

"You have been soldiers, then?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Pray, what corps did you serve in?"

"Our master," replied Stephen, "besides being on the list of staff-officers, is Colonel of the —— regiment of infantry; and he, taking a liking to us, got our discharge some time back."

"Did you know one Charles Henley in that regiment?" demanded the Parson.

"I knew him well," cried Stephen, with a melancholy sigh: "poor fellow! I loved him too, and bathed his wounds with many a tear."

"Was he wounded, then?"

Stephen endeavoured to smother his grief, and feebly answered,---"He died in the battle of Alkmaer!"

"My misery is now complete!" exclaimed Henley. "That unfortunate youth was my son, and you have unintentionally raised a storm in my breast which years of sorrow will scarcely be able to calm."

The good man's affliction may be felt, but cannot be described, and the remainder of the night was passed in

lamentation. The General, on entering, next morning, found the whole family in tears, and, with a tone of surprise, demanded the cause. Old Henley could not reply at the moment, but Stephen acquainted his master with the fact. The brave commander turned aside to conceal the tear that started from his eye, and then tried to soothe the pangs of his host.

"Consider," said he, "that it is a dispensation of Providence, from which none of us are secure; and when you reflect on the fate of your lamented son, let it alleviate your distress, to know that he perished covered with laurels of honour!"

Henley enquired if he had attained any superior rank.

"On his first entrance into the regiment," replied the General, "he was yet a boy; nevertheless his conduct won so much the esteem of his officers, that they recommended him to my notice, and in a few months he was promoted to the rank of serjeant. In that memorable battle where he fell, he performed prodigies of valour, which I observed, and intended to reward. The enemy pressed hard upon us on every side, and were almost wholly kept at bay, and, in fact, driven back by the division of your son, owing to the wonderful exertions I perceived him make. When they were repulsed, I could no longer contain my admiration, but, stepping forwards, was going to offer him my congratulations with a promise of my warmest patronage, when he received a shot, and dropped by my side! Moderate your transports, my good friend—it is a debt we must all pay; and you, alas! are not the only one, by thousands, that have a friend or a child to lament by the fortune of war."

"Ah!" sighed the miserable ecclesiastic, "misfortunes press heavy on me. To-day I receive the news of a beloved son's death; to-morrow I shall be cast on the world without the shelter of a home!"

"Explain yourself," said the General; "you awaken my curiosity."

Henley

Henley began as follows.---" Though my present situation, without doubt, appears extremely humble, yet, believe me, Sir, I have seen better days. I am curate of the village church, and in addition to this was tenant of a small farm on the brow of yonder heath, where I passed my time in the most happy manner; for I saw that my possessions were as fruitful as those of my neighbours, and that I should be enabled at my death to place my children above the reach of want. But I must digress from my story, in order to bring forward another character who has been the ruin of myself and family, the murderer of my son, and whom (God forgive me) I should frequently have cursed, had it not been incompatible with the character of any virtuous man, more especially one who professes himself a disciple of Christ.

" At a short distance you may perceive the residence of Sir Frederic Harley, Lord of the Manor in this neighbourhood. At the time I have been speaking of he had not succeeded to his estate, but he at last came down into these parts to inherit it. Nursed in the lap of affluence, and taught from his earliest years to expect inexhaustible wealth, he looks with disgust on those beneath him, and considers them merely as objects devoted to his will and pleasure. Were the feelings of his heart amiable, he would have it every day in his power to prove himself the truly great and good man: but that, unhappily, is not the case; and, being united to some of the most powerful families, he triumphs in his guilt with impunity.

" I was amongst the first who felt the effects of his oppression. My lands did not then belong to him, but, under pretence of a wood hindering the prospect, and that he wanted various parts altered for the convenience of hunting, he purchased it of my landlord at an exorbitant price, and began to take such steps in regard to my property as I did not think consistent with justice. I, of course, murmured; and, enraged at my insolence, as he termed it, he seized on my cattle and other articles of traffic for some

trifling arrears of rent, and compelled me to quit my house without those few privileges which the law allows in such cases. I brought an action against him, but his riches procured him the advantage; and, after a tedious delay, which I endured with the greatest anxiety, I found that I was vanquished; and the little savings of my industry, that I had fondly looked on as destined to preserve my family from necessity, I was obliged to part with, to shield myself from the horrors of a jail.

"Time passed on, and no better fortune opened to my view; but I bore my troubles with resignation, because it is a fact imprinted on my mind, that the punishment of the iniquitous offender is certain, though slow; and that a day of trial arrives when he least expect it. Meantime, my children approached the age of maturity, and as they advanced in years advanced in truth and goodness. Poor Charles distinguished himself by every act of kindness that a virtuous child can show toward the author of its being. I should have trained him for the church; but not being able, from the narrowness of my income, to support him in a genteel manner at the university, I determined to educate him myself until he arrived at a proper age, and then fix him with some respectable merchant. But one unfortunate circumstance disappointed my hopes, and left me no alternative but gloomy despair.

"Since my resisting his arbitrary conduct, Sir Frederick had cherished more hatred against me than ever. Implacable and malicious in his resentment, he still persecuted me; and, one day, happening to pass by when I was amusing myself in my garden, insulted me with every act of scorn that man could invent. I became enraged, and replied in a style which his rank would not permit him to overlook; and, leaping the small hedge that separated us, he attempted to strike me. Charles, who was now seventeen, and possessed great bodily strength, could not bear to see his father treated so unworthily, and, rushing from the parlour, endeavoured to prevail on Sir Frederick to quit the

the premises: the latter answered his entreaties with a severe blow. Charles, whose indignation was roused, threw the Baronet on the ground, and, stamping one foot upon his breast, would undoubtedly have sacrificed him in the heat of his passion, had he not been withheld by my persuasions. Sir Frederick rose, but, not daring to encounter us any longer, returned home. I dreaded the effects of his anger, and wished Charles to fly to a more distant part of the country; but his noble mind disdained so mean an action: he resolved to brave the vengeance of our tyrannic lord, and protect me for the future with equal courage.

"The hour of dinner arriving, we hastened to our frugal meal, but had scarcely sat down, when three men entered, and tore my son from us in spite of our cries. I followed, and, after walking some miles, we reached a magistrate's, where Sir Frederick stood to confront us. He was first heard, and told his tale with such aggravated falsehoods, that it was with difficulty I could restrain my rage. Charles had then a slight hearing in his own defence, and I gave my evidence in the most circumstantial manner; but the justice was bribed by our adversary, and I heard with horror that my unfortunate boy must either serve his country as a private soldier, or be committed to prison, and tried at the next assizes for an assault on the life of Sir Frederick. I would have had him accept the latter part of the proposition, and rely on the wisdom of a higher Tribunal; but he shuddered at the idea of an ignominious trial, and boldly replied, that he would fight the enemies of Great Britain. A party of your regiment being at the time recruiting in this neighbourhood, he was incorporated with them; and the rest of his life, you, Sir, are better acquainted with than myself.

"From that time Sir Frederick seems bent on my ruin. I was in hopes that in this hovel I should have a little peace, by reason that it was not on his own estate; but a few days ago he purchased it, with some land adjoin-

ing, and has again vented his fury, by giving me notice to quit it.

"You see, Sir, my troubles have been numerous, and no resource has hitherto presented itself to save me from the most abject misery; on the contrary, I perceive myself approaching nearer and nearer to the gulph. Can you wonder, then, at my repining? or that, in spite of manly fortitude, I resign all hopes of better days on earth, and only look for happiness in the grave?"

"Let it be my task," cried the General, who had listened attentively, "to endear you to existence. It is the duty of a commander to be also the friend of his soldiers; and how can he fulfil it better than by attending to the wants of their relatives, as far as lies in his power. Accept this purse---it will be of use until I can serve you in a more effectual way; and you cannot feel more pleasure in receiving, than I do in bestowing it."

(To be concluded in our next.)

FREDRICA: A ROMANCE.

LETTER TO ANNA ULRICA WURMSUR.

IN the full ardour of renewed friendship do I now address you, my dear Anna; long may you enjoy the happiness your present opening prospects seem to promise. The smiles of fortune are too frequently delusive: it is not in our power to avert the calamities of life; the only means of alleviation allowed us is an internal monitor, which ever warns us when going astray, and to whose dictates, would we but attend, many evils brought upon us by our own imprudence might be avoided. Young as I am, the incidents of my life have been numerous, and almost too romantic for credibility; you demand the recital, and I obey. The first incident of any material importance to

to my narrative, was the death of my mother, the Countess du Verdere. I saw my father kneel beside the coffin, his hands and eyes elevated with such solemnity as awed me into the stillness of death; I watched his every motion with new expansion of intellect; I heard sobs of anguish burst from his agonized bosom. Mine throbbed in sympathy; all cares for the living seemed to have taken flight, and grief for the loss of her so tenderly beloved alone occupied his mind. I approached slowly, and wiped away the tears which trickled down his pale cheeks. My touch roused him—it was the call of uncontroulable nature; and in an instant I was snatched with fervor to his breast.

"See there, my child," cried he, pointing to the lifeless body of my deceased parent, "an awful memento of mortality! Would the young and the gay but stop awhile their giddy career of folly or vice, to reflect that a moment like this must arrive, when there no longer remains beauty to charm, nor wit to captivate; when all adventitious endowments must be scattered into oblivion by the all-powerful rays of Truth; and when intrinsic virtue alone can insure true and permanent glory!"

Perceiving me deeply affected, he ceased, and, struggling with his feelings to assume the appearance of composure, he led me from the room. My father had more than one cause for sorrow, since, in addition to the deprivation of an amiable wife, the alarming state of public affairs rendered his exile from France indispensably necessary, lest his person as well as property should fall into the hands of the republican party, his adherence to royalty being too generally known to admit the smallest hope of mercy, should he once become the object of their displeasure. He had connexions of some respectability in England; but his tender fears for my safety would not permit him to involve me in those perils he must necessarily be subjected to. After much deliberation, he resolved upon recommending me to the care of a lady with whom he had been acquainted from childhood, now married, and residing in Italy; and as

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the distance from Sens, where our estate lay, was not great, the facility with which I might be removed increased his wish to effect a plan which in other respects did not exactly meet his approbation. He, however, wrote to the Baroness St. Amere, acquainting her with his recent misfortune, and entreating her protection for his orphaned Fredrica. An answer favourable to his anxious cares soon arrived from the Baroness, who expressed her intention of coming to receive her charge from his hands. He sighed with regret at the thoughts of a separation from his only remaining tie, just then entering an age capable of participating in all his joys or sorrows; but felt resigned when he reflected on the tender care that would be taken of his darling girl, who he hoped soon to provide for in a manner more conformable with the desire of his own fond heart.

The Count had been extremely handsome in his youth, was now but six-and-thirty, and, by mixing much in the gay world, had an air of fashion and elegance that gave him even a more juvenile appearance; yet he was of a pensive reflecting turn, which he indulged to a degree of enthusiasm injurious to his constitution.

The first twelve years of our life seldom produce much reflection: I had scarcely seen more; my disposition was lively, my imagination fertile. I grieved to lose my father; but as he had, to gratify me, pointed out the most brilliant views to dazzle my fancy, I flattered myself with the prospect of pleasures beyond the reach of anticipation: I now sickened with apprehension---now longed ardently for the arrival of the Baroness, who was hourly expected. In reply to all my importunate interrogations concerning her, my father would say——

"She will soon be here, my love; her kindness will make you feel her worth more sensibly than it is in my power to describe. I might give you some idea of her person; but, believe me, no tongue could do justice to her merit: her actions shall prove to you the truth of what I say."

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It was during one of these discourses that a travelling landau drove up the avenue that led to our chateau, and the Baroness nodded from the window to my father, who flew out to meet and welcome her. I saw him assist her from the carriage: his eyes were cast dejectedly towards where I stood; her's followed:---even I could interpret that look. He led her in; she embraced me fondly, called me her adopted daughter, and promised, with tears, faithfully to discharge the trust reposed in her.

"I know you will, my friend," said the Count, pressing her hand with gratitude. "My Fredrica has a susceptible heart; she will love you---will obey you as a mother: you will be to her as the parent she has lost, and her father in a distant country will bless you."

His voice faultered, and he pressed me to his bosom to conceal his keen emotion.

"Come, come," exclaimed the Baroness, gaily: "this is but a sorry reception for one who is just revisiting her native land. Were you to have the management of my little Fredrica, you would soon, I see, make her as dull as a drowsy nun at vespers; and you know how I hate all conventicle habits, be they external or internal."

From any other person, at such a time, my father would have considered this speech as extremely unfeeling; but he knew the heart of Madame, and was content that, from the benevolence of her own, she should endeavour to lighten the burden that so heavily oppressed his. I knew not all the traits in her extraordinary character, and, wondering at this, I surveyed her person with no very favourable prepossession. Her person was rather below the middle height, and her figure delicately formed, and set off with all the naiveté and coquetry characteristic of the French women: her complexion was clear brown, and the lustre of her black eyes heightened by a considerable quantity of rouge; her teeth were regular, and beautifully white, which she seemed conscious of by their continual display: upon the whole, her appearance was such as rather tended

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to destroy every expectation of softness or sensibility so captivating in a female when unaffected. My father entered into a desultory sort of conversation with her, now and then surveying me with scrutinizing looks, as if he wished to penetrate my sentiments respecting my allotted protectress. I listened with the most profound attention to every sentence she uttered, and often fancied that the poignancy of her wit called a blush of something like confusion into my father's face: nor did this conduct, though it had the desired effect of rousing him from the stupor of melancholy, raise her in my estimation; and, for the first time in my life, I dared mentally to suspect my father of insincerity, or want of penetration. How carefully, my dear Anna, should we guard against a premature judgment: the human character is not so readily developed as may be imagined, nor can we judge of dispositions, untried, by mere external deportment. Never shall I recollect my injustice to the amiable Baroness, without the most acute self-reproach for the arrogance with which I presumed to decide upon her character: that gaiety, by me so erroneously mistaken for coquette affectation, was but the happy cheerfulness of temper, which enabled her to endure misfortunes of a most afflicting nature without peevish complaint or impious repinings; and although some degree of vanity was inherent in her temper, her natural good sense so rectified it, as never to let it prove obtrusive. Her benevolence was unbounded, and her mind endowed with fortitude sufficient to bear her through severe trials: when you have perused the subsequent sheets, you will know the vast efforts she was capable of.

My father listened to her attempts to amuse him with politeness, exhorted me to affection and implicit obedience towards the Baroness, and conversed with us on various interesting subjects till the hour of retiring. Tears of solicitude for my father's fate, not unmixed with apprehension for my own, bedewed my pillow till my care-worn mind sought relief from sleep.

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The following day was that appointed to perform the Countess's funeral obsequies. My father rose first, and at the side of her coffin poured forth his whole soul in orisons for her happiness, and supplications for the welfare of his child: he quitted his suppliant posture with that composed assurance which true piety never fails to inspire under the most poignant affliction: he saw the mournful ceremony, which for ever separated him from his wife, performed with propriety and decent resignation, which his fear of distressing me contributed to support. The countenance of the Baroness was marked with deep concern. My father revisited the deserted apartments, and his grief burst forth upon a thousand occasions, which fortitude itself could not conceal; and the Baroness vainly endeavoured, by sophistry and argument, to dispel the gloom that marked his features.

"How useless, my good friend," she would say, "is this excess of sorrow: you will yet, I trust, be very happy. Believe me, despair is a monster more terrible than any yet read of in fabulous history; it pervades each object with a deceitful gloom, which in time tends to obscure every virtue: activity is the duty of mankind, and, instead of suffering our faculties to be enervated by each pressure of calamity, whether real or ideal, we should exert all the powers of reason to chase away its phantom horrors."

"Permit me to dissent from you, Madame, in that particular," replied the Count, in an accent that with all her stoicism the Baroness could not, even by looks, object to: "there certainly are circumstances under which excessive, not to say immoderate, grief may be laudable; for instance, where our imprudencies, not to give them the harsh appellation of vices, have occasioned our misfortunes: in such cases, it is surely commendable to grieve, as it evinces our contrition and intention of amendment."

Struck with the point of this observation, the Baroness was a moment silent; then raised her eyes fearfully to the Count, and rejoined, with a forced smile,——

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"Even there you will, I think, find your argument fallacious: since it cannot be sufficient to prove our regret by tears, we should rather let our future rectitude of conduct evince our contrition, instead of wasting that time, which might be so much more advantageously employed, in useless lamentations for actions which, once passed, cannot be recalled."

This was but talking for talking's sake; and, woman-like, unwilling to yield the argument. However, the Count, not wishing to wound her by a more severe remark, made no reply, and the subject was by mutual desire dropped. In the evening my father led Madame through his spacious grounds---alas! to be his no longer;---pointed out to her notice the formerly happy pensioners of his bounty, and to her expressed his regret at leaving a spot so dear---society so beloved. The heart of the Baroness thrilled with unutterable sensations as she pressed his hand to her heart; the action was involuntary, but it filled Du Verdere with alarm; and he withdrew it with an air of cold reserve, but ill accordant with the warm feelings of his heart. The eyes of Madame fell to the earth, with a consciousness of impropriety that at the same moment crimsoned her cheeks, and agitated every nerve. Silence for awhile prevailed; yet, unable to resist the impulse of her thoughts, she demanded, in a low tremulous tone, when he departed.

"To-morrow," said he. "Undoubtedly, every moment of procrastination increases the danger: affairs are just now at such an alarming crisis, that, to save my child from ruin, flight is indispensable. When you are gone, I shall just arrange my papers, write some letters to the few friends I yet possess, and then bid adieu to France: and Heaven knows," added he, sighing, "when I shall again see my distracted country; never, I fear, in its accustomed gaiety and splendor! Oh! how heart-rending must be the scene, when, after an absence of a few years, we seek the spot endeared to us by the recollection of our juvenile happiness, where we expect to meet in every trivial object a re-

a remembrancer of our former delights, which subsequent occurrences might else obliterate. Instead of seeing the vegetation which sprung beneath our hands matured to puberty, we find the country, once so fertile, reduced to a dreary waste. To behold all those elegant structures, raised as specimens of taste and opulence, thrown in a ruinous pile, or become the refuge of a set of lawless plunderers; those grounds, which, by the aid of the industrious peasant, produced the comforts, nay, even the luxuries, of life, deluged with blood; and the dear companions of our infantile sports, like ourselves, wretched outcasts, without friends, property, or home!---yet such is the prospect before me."

I will not tire you with a tedious repetition of particulars, but hurry over the melancholy transactions of that day till the hour of our departure, previous to which my father gave to the Baroness a packet of papers.

"These, my friend, contain the whole of my possessions. Five thousand pounds is the principal of Fredrica's fortune; I do not wish her richer: I only desire to have her virtuous and happy."

The carriage drove to the door; the Count started, and looked at his watch: it was five o'clock, for, neither being disposed to sleep, we had not quitted the parlour the whole night. Of all the Count's establishment, but two servants remained, which were my father's groom, and Lisette, an attendant of my mother's, who was to accompany me: she brought us some coffee. I thought my heart would break when my father clasped me in his arms, and bade me adieu.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IN one of the former numbers* of your entertaining publication, I was struck with the justice of the observa-

* See vol. vi. p. 311.

tions of your Vere Street friend, who seems to ascribe the decline of religious sentiments to the obstruction which self-interest has raised against public prayer.

I agree with him in condemning the venality of a practice which must ultimately tend to dishonour the cause, and think the pastor of each chapel ought to be rendered independent, without being degraded by letting out the pews. Amidst the many evils which demand investigation, and amongst the many arrangements that ought to come under the adjustment of the state, none appears to me to require the aid of interference more than those of which curates so justly complain.

Is it not a disgrace both to principle and refinement, to think that gentlemen, who have been educated with elegance and taste, should be more circumscribed in their annual income than a common mechanic, or a man in humble trade? and does it not cast a stigma upon the dignified order of the clergy, to know that, whilst they are basking in the sunshine of prosperity, many of their brethren scarcely receive a labourer's hire? In every situation but that of the church, a man may improve his income by exertion or trade; but the only means by which a clergyman can increase it, is forcibly wrested out of his hands, and occupied by men as unfit for the task as a hermit would be to become secretary of state.

The employment I allude to, Mr. Editor, is the instruction of youth, which doubtless ought to be confined to those whose education has been liberal, and whose minds are improved; instead of which, we see men devoid both of intellect and information, and whose knowledge cannot soar above a few grammatical rules, placed at the head of private seminaries, and attempting to cultivate the understandings of youth.

To the distinguished honour of the present time, there never was a period in the British history wherein philanthropy and generosity have been so thoroughly combined, or where public charity and private misfortune have been succoured

succoured with so liberal and beneficent a hand. But, though much has been done to relieve the unfortunate, much remains still to be performed; and until generosity flows in a more equitable current, charity and munificence must be ill applied. With what prodigal liberality do the public reward those exotic intruders which emigrate to this isle; for, whilst men of literature and learning are destitute of support, an Italian singer, upon an average, receives fifty pounds a night!

That those who contribute to our entertainment or amusement should be properly rewarded for their exertion and pains, is what every liberal mind must acknowledge to be right; but those rewards should be appretiated according to merit, and not settled by the standard of fashion or caprice. Would the favourite of fortune but for a moment reflect upon the evils which result from munificence misapplied, those sums would be devoted to acts of benevolence which are now lavishly wasted for the exertion of a voice.

Do not suppose, Mr. Editor, that I mean to infer that gentlemen of the cloth should be degraded by the receipt of charity promiscuously applied; but if the dignitaries of the church are resolved to preserve their rich possessions, whilst those in subordinate stations have scarcely enough to purchase bread, I think it would redound to the honour of the affluent and independent to establish a fund for their comfort and support; and, instead of lavishing their fortunes upon a scraper of catgut, bestow part of them in contributing to the relief of the distressed.

Amidst the number of those who complain of the present period, and lament the inconveniences which are attached to the middle sphere, none can be supposed to suffer more keenly from their pressure than those who come under the description of the class I have named: though every article has, within twenty years, nearly doubled its value, curacies, in general, remain the same.

Your Vere street correspondent, Mr. Editor, pointed out the impropriety of making a literal trade of letting out pews, and though I perfectly acquiesce in the justice of his observations, yet, unless a clergyman's income is more adequate to his expenses, that method of increasing it cannot be considered as a disgrace.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your constant reader and humble servant,

June, 1801. C—— B——.

THE FEMALE MENTOR.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

MADAM,

I AM one of those ill-fated parents whose misfortune it is to have children wiser than themselves, and who have the misery of finding their counsel disregarded, because it differs from that which is offered by their more fashionable friends.

You must know, my dear Madam, that I am the wife of a clergyman, who resides nearly eighty miles distant from Dissipation's seat, and who, fulfilling the sacred duties of his profession, is considered by his parishioners as their parent and friend.

Blest with such a husband, I might be supposed to be happy; but, alas! Madam, my heart is oppressed with a load of grief; for those from whom I ought to derive a portion of felicity, prove the source of my misery, and the destruction of my peace.

Mr. C—— owes his present independence to the generous interference of a titled friend, who generally takes up his summer residence within a mile and a half of the parsonage-house. The wife of our benefactor is one of those fashionable females who are devoured by ennui the moment they quit the gaieties of town, and who feel gratified by

by the society of some humble companion, in whose ear they may pour forth repinings and complaints.

My daughters unfortunately attracted her attention, when the elder of the two was scarcely fourteen; and they were jointly invited to pass the summer at the castle, to prevent her ladyship from indulging the spleen.

The effect of these visits was soon perceptible by the alteration they produced in my children's minds; for, instead of being satisfied with domestic enjoyments, they are continually sighing after the splendid ones they have seen. I remonstrated with Mr. C—— against the repetition of these visits, yet he thought it impossible for us to refuse any request of our illustrious friends; and, upon each annual return into the country, my children successively become her guests.

Music was an accomplishment I had considered unnecessary, as their father had perfected them both in Italian and French; but when her ladyship informed them it was vulgar to sing without an instrument, I could never be indulged with the sound of either's voice; though, previous to their being honoured with her ladyship's acquaintance, they sung with the greatest harmony, to the mutual entertainment of ourselves and friends.

The purport, Madam, of making my grievances public, is, with the hope of being favoured with your counsel and advice, for my daughters are now invited to pass a winter in London, for the purpose of having music-masters attend them at her ladyship's house. My husband even dreads acceding to this desire, yet is fearful of doing any thing to disoblige the wife of his friend: allow me, then, Madam, to ask your opinion how I ought to act as a parent and a wife.

I am, dear Mrs. Mentor,

An admirer of your sentiment,

And a solicitor of advice,

LUCY C——.

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

Dear Madam,

AS you appear in the character of a directress to the young and inexperienced part of your sex, I flatter myself you will not think my application impertinent, nor deny me the opportunity of benefiting by your advice.

I had the misfortune to be deprived of two amiable parents before I could be sensible of the loss I had sustained; and have been brought up under the care of a worthy old Granny, who, by the bye, is not capable of giving counsel or advice.

You must know that I have lately had an offer from a man whom I neither hate nor like, yet, as his fortune will place me in an enviable situation, all my connexions espouse his designs, and I am absolutely persecuted with intreaties to become that delectable thing---a wife. I must likewise inform you, my dear old woman (for such I am inclined to conclude you must be), that I have a dreadful aversion to a certain occupation which they say is to be the employment of all old maids, and would certainly marry my present admirer, if I thought, for a moment, that would be my fate. At the same time I must tell you, that I am only nineteen, not very ugly, and perfectly straight; and that, independant of my dear Granny's fortune, I inherit from my father upwards of ten thousand pounds.

Ought I, then, in this situation, to accept the first offer that ever has been made, or ought I to wait until chance shall direct me to some man whom from affection I may wish to make choice?

I am, dear Madam,

Your obedient humble servant,

A perfect Novice in the tender State.

Hatfield, June, 1801.

TO

TO THE FEMALE MENTOR.

Madam,

THOUGH, from the title you have assumed, I might be taught to consider you merely in the light of a counsellor to the female sex, yet, from the observations I have made upon your writings in general, I am inclined to think you will not refuse giving your advice, when solicited by one of the opposite kind.

Allow me, then, to inform you, Madam, that I am most passionately in love with one of the most charming of her sex, who, in spite of every proof of my affection, either treats me with ridicule or neglect. Her beauty is sufficient to fire the breast of an anchorite, and her wit can only be equalled by her sense; yet I am often tempted to wish she possessed less of the former, or that it was not exercised at my expense; for she ridicules those marks of love and tenderness which must ever be the companions of a real flame.

My own sex unanimously condemn an affection, which, they tell me, has been erroneously placed; and assure me that time will weaken a tenderness which has merely been excited by a beautiful face. To you, then, Madam, whom I believe to be acquainted with the real propensities of the human mind, I beg leave to ask, whether it is compatible with feeling to ridicule marks of tenderness and esteem?

To possess a treasure I dote upon with fondness, appears to me the refinement of happiness, and an insurance of delight; yet I confess that the remarks of my numerous acquaintance prevent me from urging her to name the day, and I shall wait the candid statement of your opinion before I press her to become my wife.

I am, Madam,

With the highest veneration,

A doting Admirer and a sincere Friend.

CELE-

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXIV.

THE Hon. Mrs. Dudleya North was the younger of two daughters of Charles Lord North of Kirtling, and Baron Grey of Rolleston, by Catherine the daughter of William Lord Grey of Wark, and was born in July 1675. This Lord North had two sons, who were instructed in school learning by a private tutor in the house; and, in the course of their education at home, this lady being naturally inclined to learning, even when she was a girl, was desirous to learn Latin and Greek of the same person along with her brothers. Thus, as she advanced in years, she pursued her studies so assiduously, and with such success, that she quickly rendered those two languages familiar to her. But this she did not think sufficient; she was very desirous of becoming intimately acquainted with the original language of the Old Testament, and by a long and severe study she acquired a competent knowledge in the whole circle of oriental learning. As a proof of which was that choice collection of books she died possessed of, which, after her death, were, by her only surviving brother, the Lord North and Grey, presented to the parochial library at Rougham in Norfolk, founded by the Hon. Roger North, Esq. for the use of that parish, and the neighbouring clergy, for ever. Among them there is, in particular, one very neat pocket Hebrew Bible in 12mo, without points, with silver clasps to it, bound in neat Turkey leather, in a case of the same materials, which she constantly carried to church with her. But this incessant and intense application to study, at length, brought her into a consumptive disorder, which put a period to her valuable life, April 25, 1712, her brother the Lord North and Grey being at that time in Flanders. Her corpse was carried to Kirtling, or Cathidge, in Cambridgeshire, the antient seat of the family, and interred with her ancestors in that church, by her uncle the Hon. Roger North, Esq. whom she made her sole executor.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

BEAUTY, said a certain author, is of all colours: you see it sometimes red, sometimes pale—the sun offends it, as though it were jealous of handsome objects—fire, though the symbol of love, destroys its charms in such a manner, that one would say, that every thing in nature conspires to the ruin of that divine work, and yet the most powerful among men adore it in their weak moments. A great courage is never invincible to the charms of beauty: the most magnanimous have made a merit, in sight of the whole world, to be subdued by a sparkling eye, worthy of adoration. The greatest beauty never requires any sacrifices from us, but during the blindness of our mind, and the slumber of our reason. If Persander adores his Ariane, it is not before she has put a bandage round his eyes. If Leontine raises statues in honour of his dear Glacira, it proceeds from the servitude in which he is; for a slave owes all obedience to his sovereign. Hercylas gives his crown to Penaplè, but not before he has given her his heart; For what appearance, said he, to refuse any part of what we possess to a person who possesses us entirely? All the homages of respect, love, of servitude and idolatry, which beauty requires from us, are the errors of our infancy, since it is in fetters and in blindness that we render them. Beauty is more powerful than the gods: for, since Jupiter metamorphosed men into flowers, love changed the gods to beasts, or, at least, they appear as such; witness the bull that carried Europa across the sea. Policleas ordered a temple to be erected to his mistress Selicia; and when he was asked the reason, answered, that he was greatly enamoured of her, and that she was perfectly handsome. The Emperor Alimachus caused the courtesan Elia to be placed in the rank of goddesses, saying, to authorise his action, that she was handsomer than Venus. The philosopher Chrysippus maintained that beauty was adorable; because, said he, the gods show themselves in that

that form. Beauty, whether natural or artificial, deceives the eye; and, by its apparent charms, enchants the soul. Alexis fell deeply in love with a beauty drawn by Apelles: he idolized the portrait, though no such person existed. Elicide, the Grecian beauty, was so much in love with the portrait of Menander, that she confessed, on her death bed, that the attractions of his figure had wounded her, and had rendered the hurt incurable. Aristhenes, passing one day before the shop of a painter, stopped at the window to observe the portrait of a lovely nymph in the act of chaining a youth asleep by her; but, to his misfortune, these painted fetters entirely changed their nature by enslaving his heart: he was deeply smitten with the charms of the nymph, whom he called his gaoler, and the author of the work. Apelles became so passionately in love with the picture he drew for the beautiful Coupaspè, that, whatever remedy he made use of to cure him of his love, he could find no other than the most essential one—enjoyment. Natural beauty (which is much more perfect than artificial) powerfully subjects all hearts, in spite of all resistance: witness Marc Antony, who preferred the glory of amorous servitude to the imperial crown. He chose rather to be the slave of a beauty, than absolute master of the whole world. He trod the laurels under his feet, to be crowned with myrtle, or rather cypress; for, from the moment that love had made him a conqueror, misfortune triumphed over him in such a manner, that he was at once the vanquisher and the vanquished.

ONCE: A FRAGMENT.

I HAD *once* a lovely friend; Louisa was her name: she was beautiful as the morning rose besprinkled with the dew, sweet as the honey of the industrious bee. I loved my charming friend—I was beloved by her. I *once* was happy!

Soon as the moon arose, we were wont to repair to a clump of shady elms. There, seated on the verdant turf, we said to each other, "Shall we be always thus happy?" And the birds

birds sung in the thick foliage, and the brook sweetly murmured. Oft did we interrupt our discourse to listen to it; oft did it seem to suspend its murmurs, as it listening to our tender effusions. Ah! we were happy *once* under the shady elms.

But, how solitary now the grove! The nightingale no longer sings! The brook murmurs still, but with a sad and plaintive noise. The melancholy cypress now appears, where *once* rose the lofty elms. Louisa is no more. And I——I no longer seek the grove!

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

COVENT GARDEN.

June 4. SHAKSPEARE's *Hamlet* was performed, for the purpose of introducing Mr. LACY, jun. (son of Mr. L. one of the late proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre) in the character of the Prince of Denmark. His figure is good, his voice well-toned and powerful, and his enunciation distinct. He conceived the part well, supported it with feeling and energy, and received great applause.

June 18. This Theatre closed with a neat Address delivered by Mr. Lewis, thanking the public for a most successful season, and making assurances of future exertions to deserve a continuance of its favour. The performances were, *The Poor Gentleman* and *The Spoil'd Child.*

DRURY LANE.

June 17. This Theatre closed for the season with *Love in a Village* and *The Sultan;* when Mr. Kemble, in the name of the Proprietors and Performers, returned thanks to the audience for the great encouragement they had experienced, and declared that nothing should be wanting to merit future countenance and support.

HAYMARKET.

Mr. Colman opened his elegant little Summer Theatre with *The Flitch of Bacon, The Point of Honour,* and *Fortune's*

tune's Frolics. Mr. Fawcett is again the Acting Manager; and if he caters as well this season as he did the last, the public will have no reason to complain.

The principal changes that have taken place in the engagements at this Theatre appear to be, Mr. and Mrs. H. *Johnston*, in the room of Mr. Charles Kemble (who is on a tour through Germany) and Miss De Camp. Mrs. Mills, of Covent Garden, and Mr. Powell, of Drury Lane, are also engaged.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

June 4. Was produced a new and Grand Military and Naval Spectacle, called "BRITISH GLORY IN EGYPT;" which is extremely interesting to the feelings of every lover of his country, and has been ever since repeated with general applause. It is a national subject, and the performance includes the most striking circumstances of the proceedings of our Army under General Sir Ralph Abercrombie, whose death is represented in a manner that draws tears from almost every eye.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

HARLEQUIN MAMALUKE and RINALDO RINALDINI continued to attract crowded audiences till the 20th of June, when they gave place to a new musical, romantic, magical Grand Ballet of Action, called "THE FIRE KING; or, *Albert and Rosalie;*" the scenery of which is very splendid, the machinery ingeniously contrived, and the dresses and decorations magnificent and appropriate.

MR. PORTER'S EXHIBITION AT THE LYCEUM

Has, since our last notice, received some improvement (in the groups where Sir Sidney Smith and Ghezzar Pacha form the prominent figures), by the gradual melioration of the light into a proper tone. The *Siege of Acre* is now viewed by the spectator in its whole extent, without either the glare or the obscurity which partially injured its effect while the colouring of the dome-lights was in a raw state. The encouragement given to this admirable artist's labours is very creditable to the public taste and liberality.

Cabinet

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Morning Dress for July 1801.

Keep. Milliner, Pall Mall.

Afternoon Dress for July, 1801.

Wigman, Dress-maker Hanover Street, Hanover Square.

BRITISH
3
OCT

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. The willow hat, yellow, trimmed with the same, and a wreath of leaves and white flowers. Black lace cloak. Plain muslin gown. Shoes yellow. York-tan gloves.

2. The Aboukir hat of straw, with purple and yellow flowers. Cloak, white muslin, falling down the sides; the ends square. Gown, buff muslin. Gloves and shoes straw-coloured.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

3. The Aboukir hat of light blue satin, the front black velvet, a blue and white feather, the trimming white satin and pearls. The suffusion robe, white muslin trimmed with lace. Shoes light blue satin. Ear-rings pearl.

4. Head-dress, yellow muslin with bands of white, trimmed with lace, and a white feather. The fairy vest, the skirt white muslin; the breast, shoulders, and back, of ditto, disposed in close plaits. The outer body of yellow muslin, formed into points on the breast and back, connected by a fillet of white satin, with antique gems, in fillagree, at each point. A short skirt of yellow muslin, forming two points in front, and one behind, full on the sides and back, with a broad border of white satin. The girdle of white satin, with one gem in front and two behind. The plain part of the sleeves white satin. Gloves and shoes yellow.

The prevailing colours are yellow, buff, lilac, and pink; feathers in full dresses, and flowers in bonnets and hats, are very general. The sleeves of dresses are usually very full at the top, and the lower part of the arm seen through very fine blond or point lace. Hair dressed in the Grecian taste, very full behind. The curricle cloak and cottage hat are much worn.

School of Arts.

NO. XXXII.

Method of preserving Bacon from becoming rusty.

AN ingenious gentleman in France has communicated to the public a cheap and easy method of preserving bacon from growing rusty; the knowledge of which will, undoubtedly, be of great utility to people of all ranks. It is as follows:---When the bacon has been salted about a fortnight, put it into a box of the size of the pieces of bacon, covering the bottom of the box with hay: wrap up each piece of bacon in hay, and between every piece put a layer of hay. This will preserve bacon from rusting, and keep it above a twelvemonth as good as the first day. The box must be kept shut, to prevent rats or other vermin from getting into it.

A Composition for giving a beautiful Polish to Mahogany Furniture.

Dissolve bees-wax (equal parts) in oil of turpentine, till the mixture attain the consistency of paste. After the wood intended to be polished is well cleaned, let it be thinly covered with the above composition, and well rubbed with a piece of old carpet, till the wood attain a fine polish, and till no dirt will adhere to its surface.

An exceeding fine Cement to mend broken China or Glasses.

Garlick stamped in a stone mortar; the juice whereof, when applied to the pieces to be joined together, is the finest and strongest cement for that purpose, and will leave little or no mark, if done with care.

To make a Paste for extracting Grease from Woollen Cloth.

Two pounds of pipe-clay; one ounce of spirits of wine; the juice of two lemons; half a pint of beast's gall; one ounce of spirit of turpentine; three-pennyworth of hartshorn; and one ounce of cream of tartar.

THE

THE TENEMENT: AN ALLEGORY.

[In a Letter to a Friend.]

I LIVE in a poor little sorry house of clay, that stands upon the waste, as other cottages do; and, what is worse, I am always liable to be turned out at a minute's warning. It is a sort of copyhold tenure; and the custom of the manor is such, that, for the first thirty years of my life, I am to pay no rent, only to do suit and service, and attend upon the courts, which are kept once a week, and sometimes oftener. For twenty years after this, I am to pay a rose every year; and further than this, during my life, I am to pay a tooth (which you will say is a whimsical kind of acknowledgment) every two or three years, or oftener, if it be demanded: when I have nothing left to pay, *out* must be the word, and then it will not be long before my person must be seized. I might have had my tenement, such as it is, upon better terms, had it not been for the faults of my great grandfather and his wife together, who, overpersuaded by an ill neighbour, were concerned in robbing an orchard belonging to the lord of the manor, and so forfeited their grand privilege; to my sorrow, I am sure. But, however, I must do as well as I can, and shall endeavour to keep my house in tolerably good repair. My kitchen, where I dress my victuals, is a comical little roundish sort of a room, much like an oven: it answers very well for what it was designed for, and that is enough. My garrets, or rather cocklofts, indeed, are very indifferently furnished; but they are rooms that few people now make use of, unless it be to lay lumber in. However, I make shift to rub on in my little way; and when rent-day comes, I must see and discharge it as well as I can. Whenever I am turned out, I understand my lodge, or whatever you please to call it, descends to a low-spirited creeping family, remarkable for nothing but being instrumental in advancing the *worm doctor:* but, be that as it will, I have a small apartment, which I reserve for my choicest friends, that

lies on the left side of my house; it is very warm: you will be always a welcome guest, and may depend upon a lodging, as long as the edifice is in the tenure and occupation of your humble servant,

D. S.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

ON a tablet hanging up in the church of Allhallows Barking, Tower-street, it is thus written: "This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of twenty barrels of gunpowder, that took fire on the 4th of January, 1649, in a ship-chandler's house, over-against the south side of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the parishioners."

The account of this disaster (given by Bailey, the author of the Dictionary) is as follows:---"One of the houses in this place was a ship-chandler's, who, on the 4th of January aforesaid, being busy in his shop barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that house, but about fifty or sixty others. In this accident there were two things very remarkable: the mistress of the house of the Rose Tavern was found sitting in her bar, and one of the drawers standing by the bar-side with a pot in his hand, only stifled with dust and smoke; their bodies being preserved whole by means of great timbers falling across one upon another.

"Also the next morning there was found, upon the upper leads of Barking church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having the least sign of any fire or hurt." "In the year 1666," says Mr. Stow, "I saw the child, then grown up to be a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, when he was drinking at a tavern, and he asserted the above circumstance to be true."

The

The Apollonian Wreath.

LINES

To Louis Comte de V-----, an Officer in the Prince De Conde's Army. Written during a stormy Night.

DAMP fall the dews---ah! where art thou,
Dear object of my frequent vow?
Perhaps thou wand'rest thro' the waste,
Or by the dreary mansions haste,
That shut thee from the social hearth,
To roam the dank and dripping earth;
Or, loit'ring to thy lonely room,
Where evening sheds a cheerless gloom,
Closing the door with chilled soul,
Heark'ning to the tempest's howl,
And gazing on the gushing sky,
With sicken'd heart and swimming eye;
Ah! then, mayhap, fond mem'ry brings
The touch that strikes those thrilling strings,
Which wont to vibrate in thine ear
Affection's sigh: her frequent tear,
When robb'd of ev'ry bliss but thee,
No other form these eyes could see!
Within thy hand, this hand was prest,
I felt it touch thy throbbing breast;

Ecstatic rapture swell'd my heart,
My bosom heaves, my temples dart---
Alarm'd, dismay'd, in pale affright,
I vow'd to tear thy mem'ry quite,
Quite from my soul, and, where it beat,
Cold heartless Apathy to seat. --
Vain, vain resolve!---transfixed, more
Each bleeding vein thine image bore.
Ah! Louis, why this rolling tear,
That bathes the page these murmurs bear?
I once more see thy friendless home,
And mark thee round thy chamber roam;
I see thee start, and, sad, look o'er
Thy oft perused little store
Of books, which now no balm affords
To heal the heart that anguish lords:
Oppress'd with sorrow, sick, and faint,
This doting bosom's dearest saint,
Now far from comfort, worn with care,
Reclines upon his nightly bier,
And, in soft slumber's opiate chains,
Seeks shelter from a host of pains....
Ah! could I linger round that bed
To smooth the pillow for thy head,
And breathe affection's balmy breath
O'er that lov'd bosom, pain'd to death;
Or could my heart, my life, thee save,
How grateful would I meet the grave!

JOVANNA.

EPITAPH ON JOHN AYTON THOMPSON,

Aged 28 Years, in Chiswick Churchyard, by Arthur Murphy, Esq.

IF, in the morn of life, each winning grace,
The converse sweet, the mind-illumin'd face,
The lively wit, that charm'd with early art,
And mild affection streaming from the heart;
If these, lov'd youth, could check the hand of Fate,
Thy matchless worth had claim'd a longer date:
But thou art blest! while here we heave the sigh,
Thy death is virtue wafted to the sky.
Yet still thy image fond affection keeps,
The sire remembers, and the mother weeps;
Still the friend grieves who saw thy vernal bloom,
And here, sad task! inscribes it on thy tomb.

EPITAPHE

EPITAPHE DU GENERAL ABERCROMBY,

Tué a la Bataille d'Alexandrie, Gagnée par les Anglais le 21 Mars, 1801.

[PAR LE COMTE J. H. A. DE MACCARTHY.]

L'AMERIQUE le vit conquérant glorieux
Ravir pour son pays trois Iles à la France!
Aux champs de la Belgique il montra sa vaillance!
Sur les Bords de l'Indus, Chef vainqueur en tous lieux,
Des Rivaux d'Albion il borna la puissance:
Erin réconnoissante éprouva sa clemence,
Erin lui dût l'espoir de quelques jours heureux;
L'Egypte, qui jadis près du Nil, qu'il encense
Vit combattre des Rois, des Romains, et des Dieux;
De ses Exploits jamais ne perdra la mémoire
C'est la qu'en vrai Héros ce mortel vertueux,
A l'Univers plein de sa gloire
Sur un lit de Lauriers fit ses derniers adieux
Entre les bras de la Victoire!

☞A Translation is requested.

EXTEMPORARY LINES,

Written at the request of a Friend on the Day of her Marriage, who had resided with the author for several years.

WHERE the heart, my Louisa, is fondly concern'd,
Why should we apply to the brain?
Or has not my pupil of Nature yet learn'd
That true feeling is hard to explain?

Then, wherefore, my love, should I try to express
What language can never reveal?
Or how can we reconcile joy and distress?
Yet these are sensations I feel.

Your happiness is so entwin'd round my heart,
That the blessings of life I must share;
Yet, whilst your's are increasing, mine surely depart,
And leave me the victim of care.

But

But if you, my Louisa, are blest as a wife,
Fate cannot have troubles in store
To completely o'ershadow the eve of my life,
Or make me repine and deplore.

The joys that expand that refin'd gentle breast,
Like the rays of the sun will extend,
And if sorrow or care should in future molest,
Oh! let them revert to your friend.

But long may that heart be the mansion of joy,
And this day prove the herald of peace;
For if grief should invade, or one pleasure destroy,
Farewell to contentment and ease!

Not only your breast would I henceforth wish free
From every impression of care;
May the object preferr'd to all others by thee
Each sensation of happiness share.

June, 1801.

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

Translated from the Greek of Archias.

[BY J. PORTER.]

LYSIPPE's babe had crawl'd on hands and knees
Close to the margin of a dizzy rock;
When, lo! her giddy boy his mother sees,
And with a mother's pangs receives the shock.

To stir was death...great God! what could she do?
(Sure some kind Deity around her watch'd)
She bar'd her breast; it caught the prattler's view,
And from the brink of fate th' unconscious victim snatch'd.

ALCÆUS TO SAPPHO.

HOW sweet, when crimson colours dart
Across a breast of snow,
To see that you are in the heart
That beats and throbs below!

All

All Heav'n is in a maiden's blush,
In which the soul doth speak,
That it was you who sent the flush
Into the maiden's cheek.

Large steadfast eyes---eyes gently roll'd
In shades of changing blue,
How sweet are they, if they behold
No dearer sight than you!

And can a lip more richly glow,
Or be more fair than this?
The world will surely answer, No!
I, Sappho! answer, Yes!

Then grant one smile, tho' it should mean
A thing of doubtful birth,
That I may say these eyes have seen
The fairest face on earth.

RULES IN COURTSHIP.

[By the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney.]

FAINT amorist! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? Or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no sour?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elysian fields, who durst not venture
In Charon's barge? A lover's mind
Must use to sail with ev'ry wind.
He who loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee!---'tis to show it,
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent! Is she mute!
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout, and leave the room!
Then she goes to bid thee come.
Is she sick!---why, then, be sure
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with No!
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of man
In question! nay, she loves thee then.
And, if e'er she make a blot,
She's lost, if that thou hitt'st her not.

He

He who after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

THE FLAKE OF SNOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

A FLAKE of Snow, from Heav'n descending,
On a Dunghill chanc'd to rest;
Its virgin purity soon ending,
All the Dunghill's filth exprest.

A sage the sudden change observing,
By the Dunghill's foulness wrought,
The Flake (of pity so deserving),
Thus receiv'd his sober thought.

Ah! wretched Flake, thy native whiteness,
(Now to dirt and foulness flung)
Depriv'd of all its former brightness,
Ends in vileness, mud, and dung.

MORAL.

Thus the maid who quits her duty
To pursue the lead of sense,
Bids adieu to ev'ry beauty,
Ev'ry female excellence.

THE COQUETTE AND THE CATERPILLAR.

[In Imitation of De la Motte.]

LADY.

"REPTILE! whose canker'd tooth devours
"The trees and shrubs, the fruits and flow'rs,
"Begone!... no more infest this grove,
"Sacred to pleasure, and to love."
Thus Fanny spoke, with scornful frown,
And struck the Reptile off her gown;
Who thus reply'd:...

CATERPILLAR.

CATERPILLAR.

" .....Insulting dame!
" Thy gorgeous pride from Reptiles came.
" I'm in my dishabille, 'tis true,
" But soon shall take a glorious hue:
" When I commence a butterfly,
" With your's shall my apparel vie;
" Then, cease those creatures to perplex,
" Who are the emblems of your sex."

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Mar-ried.

ENIGMA.

IN Egypt first my name appears,
Contracted since by length of years,
There, form'd by Nature's hand for use,
Improving Art taught to produce;
In various climes, from refuse rais'd,
By nicest judges I am prais'd;
Historians, poets, and divines,
Own me an aid to their designs;
And music, painting, sculpture know,
How much to me they daily owe.
Far other tasks I sometimes have,---
To grief, to rage, to fear a slave:
Ever subservient to that will
Whose strokes, alas! can save or kill:
Me spotless Innocence shall grace,
Till other stains my form deface;
And tho' in covert oft I lie,
Avoiding Day's all-piercing eye,
Yet, urg'd by Fate's strong hand I go,
O'er mountains, seas, thro' heat and snow;
While magic pow'r defends my side,
I hide to show, and show to hide;
But scorn'd, discover'd, soon shall I
In fiercest flames unpitied die.

Corre-

Correspondence, &c.

THE Communication from Stockton *this month we think too* declamatory *and* superficial *either to amuse or instruct our Readers.*

Genuine and amusing Anecdotes, *ingenious* Jeux d'Esprit, *and other* short *Articles (if original and of real merit), will be very acceptable from our friend Mrs. P., or any other ingenious Correspondent, to relieve our Readers after their attention has been occupied by Essays or Narratives of greater length and importance.*

The Old Woman, *No. XXXVII. is unavoidably deferred till next month.*

The Article signed Eudosia *does not seem suitable to that part of our Work for which it was sent.*

Tancred's *Verses have been forwarded to* The Monthly Mirror, *as he desired.*

The Essay on the Courtezans of Greece *is, of course, improper for the Lady's Museum.*

The MS. alluded to by Carolus *has been destroyed since the Article was printed; so that whether the Stanza he mentions was in the copy or not, cannot now be known. Our Printers are, we must do them the justice to say, in general very careful; but they often have MSS. to compose from that are in some places scarcely legible: in such cases,* verbal *mistakes are not very much to be wondered at. We are ourselves rather surprised that errors do not oftener occur. The other Pieces of* Carolus *shall appear the first opportunity.*

Raymond's *Verses also shall have place.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
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OCT

Shelley pinx.t Mackenzie sc

Mrs. Bryan.

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